

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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## A DAY'S RIDE: A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

### CHAPTER VI.

OUR life at the Rosary—for it was *our* life now of which I have to speak—was one of unbroken enjoyment. On fine days we fished, that is, Crofton did, and I loitered along some river's bank till I found a quiet spot to plant my rod, and stretch myself on the grass, now reading, oftener dreaming, such glorious dreams as only come in the leafy shading of summer time, to a mind enraptured with all around it. The lovely scenery and the perfect solitude of the spot ministered well to my fanciful mood, and left me free to weave the most glittering web of incident for my future. So utterly was all the past blotted from my memory, that I recalled nothing of existence more remote than my first evening at the cottage. If for a passing instant a thought of by-gones would obtrude, I hastened to escape from it as from a gloomy reminiscence. I turned away as would a dreamer who dreaded to awaken out of some delicious vision, and who would not face the dull aspect of reality. Three weeks thus glided by of such happiness as I can scarcely yet recall without emotion! The Croftons had come to treat me like a brother; they spoke of family events in all freedom before me; talked of the most confidential things in my presence, and discussed their future plans and their means as freely in my hearing as though I had been kith and kin with them. I learned that they were orphans, educated and brought up by a rich, eccentric uncle, who lived in a sort of costly seclusion in one of the Cumberland dales: Edward, who had served in the army, and been wounded in an Indian campaign, had given up the service in a fit of impatience at being passed over in promotion. His uncle resented the rash step by withdrawing the liberal allowance he had usually made him, and they quarrelled. Mary Crofton, espousing her brother's side, quitted her guardian's roof to join his, and thus had they rambled about the world for two or three years, on means scanty enough, but still sufficient to provide for those who neither sought to enter society nor partake of its pleasures.

As I advanced in the intimacy, I became depository of the secrets of each. Edward's was the sorrow he felt for having involved his sister in his own ruin, and been the means of separating her from one so well able and so willing

to befriend her. Hers was the more bitter thought that their narrow means should prejudice her brother's chances of recovery, for his chest had shown symptoms of dangerous disease, requiring all that climate and consummate care might do to overcome. Preyed on incessantly by this reflection, unable to banish it, equally unable to resist its force, she took the first and only step she had ever adventured without his knowledge, and written to her uncle a long letter of explanations and entreaty.

I saw the letter; I read it carefully. It was all that sisterly love and affection could dictate, accompanied by a sense of dignity, that if her appeal should be unsuccessful, no slight should be passed upon her brother, who was unaware of the step thus taken. To express this sufficiently, she was driven to the acknowledgment that Edward would never have himself stooped to the appeal; and so careful was she of his honour in this respect, that she repeated—with what appeared to me unnecessary insistence—that the request should be regarded as hers, and hers only. In fact, this was the uppermost sentiment in the whole epistle. I ventured to say as much, and endeavoured to induce her to moderate in some degree the amount of this pretension; but she resisted firmly and decidedly. Now I have recorded this circumstance here—less for itself than to mention how by its means this little controversy led to a great intimacy between us—inducing us, while defending our separate views, to discuss each other's motives, and even characters, with the widest freedom. I called her enthusiast, and in return she styled me worldly and calculating; and, indeed, I tried to seem so, and fortified my opinions by prudential maxims and severe reflections I should have been sorely indisposed to adopt in my own case. I believe she saw all this. I am sure she read me aright, and perceived that I was arguing against my own convictions. At all events, day after day went over, and no answer came to the letter. I used to go each morning to the post in the village to inquire, but always returned with the same disheartening tidings, "Nothing to-day!"

One of these mornings it was, that I was returning disconsolately from the village, Crofton, whom I believed at the time miles away on the mountains, overtook me. He came up from behind, and passing his arm within mine, walked on for some minutes without speaking. I saw

plainly there was something on his mind, and I half dreaded lest he might have discovered his sister's secret, and have disapproved of my share in it.

"Algy," said he, calling me by my Christian name, which he very rarely did, "I have something to say to you. Can I be quite certain that you'll take my frankness in good part?"

"You can," I said, with a great effort to seem calm and assured.

"You give me your word upon it?"

"I do," said I, trying to appear bold; "and my hand be witness of it."

"Well," he resumed, drawing a long breath, "here it is: I have remarked that for above a week back you have never waited for the post-boy's return to the cottage, but always have come down to the village yourself."

I nodded assent, but said nothing.

"I have remarked, besides," said he, "that, when told at the office there was no letter for you, you came away sad-looking and fretted, scarcely spoke for some time, and seemed altogether downcast and depressed."

"I don't deny it," I said, calmly.

"Well," continued he, "some old experiences of mine have taught me that this sort of anxiety has generally but one source, with fellows of *our* age, and which simply means that the remittance we have counted upon as certain, has been, from some cause or other, delayed. Isn't that the truth?"

"No," said I, joyfully, for I was greatly relieved by his words; "no, on my honour, nothing of the kind."

"I may not have hit the thing exactly," said he, hurriedly, "but I'll be sworn it is a money matter, and if a couple of hundred pounds be of the least service—"

"My dear, kind-hearted fellow," I broke in, "I can't endure this longer; it is no question of money; it is nothing that affects my means, though I half wish it were, to show you how cheerfully I could owe you my escape from a difficulty—not, indeed, that I need another tie to bind me to you— But I could say no more, for my eyes were swimming over, and my lips trembling."

"Then," cried he, "I have only to ask pardon for thus obtruding upon your confidence."

I was too full of emotion to do more than squeeze his hand affectionately, and thus we walked along, side by side, neither uttering a word. At last, and as it were with an effort, by a bold transition to carry our thoughts into another and very different channel, he said, "Here's a letter from old Dyke, our landlord. The worthy father has been enjoying himself in a tour of English watering-places, and has now started for a few weeks up the Rhine. His account of his holiday, as he calls it, is amusing; nor less so is the financial accident to which he owes the excursion. Take it, and read it," he added, giving me the epistle. "If the style be the man, his reverence is not difficult to decipher."

I bestowed little attention on this speech, uttered, as I perceived, rather from the impulse

of starting a new topic than anything else, and taking the letter half mechanically, I thrust it in my pocket. One or two efforts we made at conversation were equally failures, and it was a relief to me when Crofton, suddenly remembering some night-lines he had laid in a mountain lake a few miles off, hastily shook my hand, and said, "Good-by till dinner-time."

When I reached the cottage, instead of entering, I strolled into the garden, and sought out a little summer-house of sweetbriar and honeysuckle, on the edge of the river. Some strange, vague impression was on me that I needed time and place to commune with myself and be alone; that a large unsettled account lay between me and my conscience, which could not be longer deferred; but, of what nature, how originating, and how tending, I know nothing whatever.

I resolved to submit myself to a searching examination, to ascertain what I might about myself. In my favourite German authors I had frequently read that men's failures in life were chiefly owing to neglect of this habit of self-investigation; that though we calculate well the dangers and difficulties of an enterprise, we omit the more important estimate of what may be our own capacity to effect an object, what are our resources, wherein our deficiencies.

"Now for it," I thought, as I entered the little arbour—"now for it, Potts; kiss the book, and tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

As I said this, I took off my hat and bowed respectfully around to the members of an imaginary court. "My name," said I, in a clear and respectful voice, "is Algernon Sydney Potts. If I be pushed to the avowal, I am sorry it is Potts! Algernon Sydney do a deal, but they can't do everything—not to say that captious folk see a certain bathos in the collocation with my surname. Can a man hope to make such a name illustrious? Can he aspire to the notion of a time when people will allude to the great Potts, the celebrated Potts, the immortal Potts?" I grew very red, I felt my cheek on fire as I uttered this, and I suddenly thought me of Mr. Pitt, and I said aloud, "And, if Pitt, why not Potts?" That was a most healing recollection. I revelled in it for a long time. "How true is it," I continued, "that the halo of greatness illumines all within its circle, and the man is merged in the grandeur of his achievements. The men who start in life with high-sounding designations have but to fulfil a foregone pledge—to pay the bill that Fortune has endorsed. Not so was our case, Pitt. To us it is to lay every foundation-stone of our future greatness. There was nothing in *your* surname to foretell you would be a Minister of State at one-and-thirty—there is no letter in *mine* to indicate that I shall be. But what is it that I am to be? Is it Poet, Philosopher, Politician, Soldier, or Discoverer? Am I to be great in Art, or illustrious in Letters? Is there to be an ice tract of Behring's Straits called Potts's Point, or a planet styled Pottsium Sidus? And

when centuries have rolled over, will historians have their difficulty about the first Potts, and what his opinions were on this subject or that?"

Then came a low soft sound of half-suppressed laughter, and then the rustle of a muslin dress hastily brushing through the trees. I rushed out from my retreat and hurried down the walk. No one to be seen—not a soul; not a sound, either, to be heard.

"No use hiding, Mary," I called out, "I saw you all the time; my mock confession was got up merely to amuse you. Come out boldly and laugh as long as you will." No answer. This refusal amazed me. It was like a disbelief in my assertion. "Come, come!" I cried, "you can't pretend to think I was serious in all this vainglorious nonsense. Come, Mary, and let us enjoy the laugh at it together. If you don't, I shall be angry. I'll take it ill—very ill."

Still no reply. Could I, then, have been deceived? Was it a mere delusion? But no; I heard the low laugh, and the rustle of the dress, and the quick tread upon the gravel, too plainly for any mistake, and so I returned to the cottage in chagrin and ill-temper. As I passed the open windows of the little drawing-room I saw Mary seated at her work, with, as was her custom, an open book on a little table beside her. Absorbed as she was, she did not lift her head nor notice my approach till I entered the room.

"You have no letter for me?" she cried, in a voice of sorrowful meaning.

"None," said I, scrutinising her closely, and sorely puzzled what to make of her calm deportment. "Have you been out in the garden this morning?" I asked, abruptly.

"No," said she, frankly.

"Not quitted the house at all?"

"No. Why do you ask?" cried she, in some surprise.

"I'll tell you," I said, sitting down at her side, and speaking in a low and confidential tone; "a strange thing has just happened to me." And with that I narrated the incident, glossing over, as best I might, the absurdity of my soliloquising, and the nature of the self-examination I was engaged in. Without waiting for me to finish, she broke in suddenly with a low laugh, and said,

"It must have been Rose."

"And who is Rose?" I asked, half sternly.

"A cousin of ours, a mere school-girl, who has just arrived. She came by the mail this morning, when you were out. But here she is, coming up the walk. Just step behind that screen, and you shall have your revenge. I'll make her tell everything."

I had barely time to conceal myself, when, with a merry laugh, a fresh, girlish voice called out, "I've seen him! I've seen him, Mary! I was sitting on the rock beside the river, when he came into the summer-house, and, fancying himself alone and unseen, proceeded to make his confession to himself."

"His confession! What do you mean?"

"I don't exactly know whether that be the proper name for it, but it was a sort of self-ex-

amination; not very painful, certainly, inasmuch as it was rather flattering than otherwise."

"I really cannot understand you, Rose."

"I'm not surprised," said she, laughing again. "It was some time before I could satisfy myself that he was not talking to somebody else, or reading out of a book, and when, peeping through the leaves, I perceived he was quite alone, I almost screamed out with laughing."

"But why, child? What was the absurdity that amused you?"

"Fancy the creature. I need not describe him, Molly. You know him well, with his great staring light-green eyes, and his wild yellow hair. Imagine his walking madly to and fro, tossing his long arms about in uncouth gestures, while he asked himself seriously whether he wouldn't be Shakespeare, or Milton, or Michael Angelo, or Nelson. Fancy his gravely inquiring of himself what remarkable qualities predominated in his nature: was he more of a sculptor, or a politician, or had fate destined him to discover new worlds, or to conquer the old ones? If I hadn't been actually listening to the creature, and occasionally looking at him, too, I'd have doubted my senses. Oh, dear! shall I ever forget the earnest absurdity of his manner, as he said something about the 'immortal Potts.'"

The reminiscence was too much for her, for she threw herself on a sofa, and laughed immoderately. As for me, unable to endure more, and fearful that Mary might finish by discovering me, I stole from the room, and rushed out into the wood.

What is it that renders ridicule more insupportable than vituperation? Why is the violence of passion itself more easy to endure than the sting of sarcastic satire? What weak spot in our nature does this peculiar passion assail? And again, why are all the noble aspirations of high-hearted enthusiasm, the grand self-reliance of daring minds, ever to be made the theme of such scoffings? Have the scorers never read of Wolfe, of Murat, or of Nelson? Has not a more familiar instance reached them of one who foretold to an unwilling senate the time when they would hang in expectancy on his words, and treasure them as wisdom? Cruel, narrow-minded, and unjust world, with whom nothing succeeds except success!

The man who contracts a debt is never called cheat till his inability to discharge it has been proven clearly and beyond a doubt; but he who enters into an engagement with his own heart to gain a certain prize, or reach a certain goal, is made a mockery and a sneer by all whose own humble faculties represent such striving as impossible. From thoughts like these I went on to speculate whether I should ever be able, in the zenith of my great success, to forgive those captious and disparaging critics who had once endeavoured to damp my ardour and bar my career. I own I found it exceedingly difficult to be generous, and in particular to that young minx of sixteen who had dared to make a jest of my pretensions.

I wandered along thus for hours. Many a

grassy path of even sward led through the forest, and taking one of those which skirted the stream, I strolled along, unconscious alike of time and place. Out of the purely personal interests which occupied my mind sprang others, and I bethought me with a grim satisfaction of the severe lesson Mary must have, ere this, read Rose upon her presumption and her flippancy, telling her, in stern accents, how behind that screen the man was standing she had dared to make the subject of her laughter. Oh, how she blushes! what flush of crimson shame spreads over her face, her temples, and her neck; what large tears overflow her lids, and fall along her cheeks. I actually pity her suffering, and am pained at her grief.

"Spare her, dear Mary!" I cry out; "after all, she is but a child. Why blame her that she cannot measure greatness, as philosophers measure mountains, by the shadow?"

Egotism in every one of its moods and tenses must have a strong fascination. I walked on for many a mile while thus thinking, without the slightest sense of weariness, or any want of food. The morning glided over, and the hot noon was passed, and the day was sobering down into the more solemn tints of coming evening, and I still loitered, or lay in the tall grass, deep in my musings.

In taking my handkerchief from my pocket, I accidentally drew forth the priest's letter, and in a sort of half-indolent curiosity proceeded to read it. The hand was cramped and rugged, the writing that of a man to whom the manual part of correspondence is a heavy burden, and who consequently incurs such labour as rarely as is possible. The composition had all the charm of ease, and was as unstudied as need be; the writer being evidently one who cared little for the graces of style, satisfied to discuss his subject in the familiar terms of his ordinary conversation.

Although I do not mean to impose more than an extract from it on my reader, I must reserve even that much for my next chapter.

### THE COMMON ROMAN.

It being long since settled on competent authority that the noblest study for mankind is man, I go forth one fresh morning into the elastic Roman air, with a social stereoscope to my eyes, casting about for slides. From among the lower ranks and inferior strata, where alone the live embers of a nation's nobility may be found smouldering, though extinct elsewhere, I will draw my model and matchless plebeian, in contrast to the Noble Roman represented in my last. "I shall see," I say to myself, warming with a generous enthusiasm—"I shall see in the Common Roman a noble heart bowed down, striving to assert itself. I shall see a brave race, patient in suffering, but full of hope for the future, waiting for the hour, and perhaps the man. I shall see passing in the open street, with downcast yet sadly expectant

eye, some possible Rienzi, some undiscovered Brutus. I shall see——"

At this moment, speculation ending, a slide is abruptly presented of an unsatisfactory description; and I grieve to say that, by the time my whole collection is complete, I am helped to this tame and dismal conclusion:—that the highly moral and sternly virtuous Roman plebeian, waiting in patient resignation for the day of his regeneration, is no more than a sad imposture. No vamping of him up into a severe ancient Roman will do. He fits but awkwardly into the classical suit his friends and admirers have provided for him; and to put him as a lay figure through the traditional poses plastiques, arrange him as Marius among the ruins, or Curtius at the edge of the gulf, or as the stoical pattern Roman sitting at his hearth, newly come in from his plough and waving off the deputation from the republic, is a hopeless and dispiriting task. Let us, however, give him full credit for his playing of Belisarius, with the piteous *Date Obolum* refrain, and expressively extended hat—a poor washed-out article, a pinchbeck Palais Royal imitation of the fine old material—the blood of the Romulus and Remus vagabondage has come down faithfully; yet that other nobler mixture which came in later and fortified the impure current, is drained away altogether.

Shall I look for it in the cheeks of this noble reverend-looking ancient, who comes along leaning feebly with both hands upon his long staff? With those gentle eyes; that matchless beard flowing in such soft lines; that picturesque dress of the sugar-loaf hat (which can never be repeated too often); and the blue toga with the jacket and coloured stockings; he appeals to my warmest sympathies, and rather still to that silver treasury of Pauls which I take abroad with me in an eternal city. I can fancy him a prince of nobles, a marchese, an eccellenza, who has had a palazzo of his own, and broad lands. I am, indeed, heartily and without invitation, inclined to pity the sorrows of this poor old man, whose trembling steps have borne him to my door; likewise, to speculate (adapting a well-known ballad to the situation) of what is the old man thinking as he leans on his oaken staff? But when I turn my eyes on the little woman who clings to the sire's blue toga helplessly: an actual miniature, with tazoletto snowy white, and little tawny neck just peeping out of the linen gathers, with the bodice and coloured skirt all complete: and again turn to the little man who balances her on the other side—a little pocket brigand with Guy Fawkes hat and jacket, and leggings wound round plentifully, all on a reduced scale—the appeals to my silver sympathies become clamorous. Suddenly a thought of recognition; and, it strikes me, that I have seen the face and flowing beard of the reduced nobleman before now. Ridiculous localities, such as Regent-street and the Boulevard des Italiens obtrude themselves with an absurd improbability, and yet with a curious persistency. Surely not grinding at the distracting organ, O reduced nobleman? I re-



collect it now, and he comes back upon me photographically. He has been a notability in that walk of art, and an effective study. I grow distrustful of the reduced nobleman, and of his picturesque offspring. I look coldly at this outdoor group of Laocoon mendicancy, though Laocoon himself at this moment is pathetically feeding his young from a sort of theatrical gourd or bottle slung round him. And presently it all comes out: that the reduced nobleman is a gentleman in large practice at his profession; that he has made moneys, now out at interest in bank, "Consolidati," or other places of safe investment; that he rides down to his place of business on a special donkey of his own, returning in the same luxurious fashion; that he dresses his little auxiliary mendicants at a costurier's; that he lives on the fat (and lean) of the land; that he lets out his noble features, including his beard and almost divine expression of resignation, to be modelled, photographed, painted, frescoed, rubbed in with chalk, and otherwise artistically dealt with—in short, that he is a sleek and adroit impostor, who has deservedly attained to the highest walk in his profession. The dejected mournful fashion in which the model head droops to one side, together with the hand extended after the *Date Obolum* pattern of the unhappy Belisarius, and the little innocent lips murmuring plaintively, "Sign-or! Signori-no! Signorino mio!" make up a composition worthy of a better cause.

Later on, when the stranger's face has grown familiar, the little woman becomes insolent and rampant; and, on the least encouragement, thrusts violet bunches on you with importunity, clinging to your hand. Turning impish and a perfect object of hate, she is at last only to be bought off. Yet there is something novel in this mendicancy, on principles of the sublime and beautiful; something stimulating in a poetic beggary which tenders a bunch of violets with one hand and prays a *baioceho*, only a *baioceho*, with the other; at the same time assuring you, in endearing tones, that you are its own dearest little signor. Alack! whispers are borne to me already, mysterious whispers, foreshadowing dimly the fate of the little woman with all her pretty ways and innocent prattle. Gripping Belisarius will sell her as model first, then sell her into a sadder captivity. O Romans! O plebs populusque Romanus! I have no faith in your millennium. Can I force upon myself any utopian picture of a Noble Roman regenerated, of that noble individual's being fitted out liberally with parliaments, and free presses, and respectable three per cents., and balance at banker's, with spinning jennies, and throbbing steam-engines; with boards of health, and metropolitan drainage committees, and perhaps with clean linen? Can I put faith in his bursting on us one day, a magnificent alliteration, great, glorious, and free, a first flower of the earth, competing horticulturally with other old-established produce? Can we have hope in this marvellous transformation, when, at a touch of the fairy queen's silver wand, the noble creature, now debased by

cruel circumstances, shall cast his skin of rags, and be revealed at the footlights, a beatified pastoral being; when I can barely walk a street's length without his proving personally to me, in a hundred ingenious ways, his utter disinclination for such a metamorphosis? With passionate declamation we would bid him arise or be for ever fallen—but here he is, asleep in the sun at noontide, and will not hear. It is to be feared that his bosom is not responsive to the glorious bit of blank verse which enforces the principle that such as desire to be free must themselves strike the blow. Our noble guild of beggarmen would doubtless be free; but would have the striking business transacted vicariously by other parties.

I go forth at noonday when the sun is striking down in the dull fierce way he does here, and I pass by many a church, duplicate San Andreas, San Carlos, and San Gregorios, with their tall hulking fronts and lanky pillars toasting and browning steadily under the oven heat. I know them to be cool as ice-houses, breezy and refreshing, inside; but the great flapping mats are not lifted, nor are the doors opened, until four o'clock. Still the steps afford handsome accommodation, and are converted temporarily into open air dormitories; and here I see and do respectful homage to the slumbering village Hampden, and to the mute inglorious Milton, disguised temporarily in a mendicant's garb. A score of tattered brethren lie about him, in erratic postures—crosswise, upside-down, diagonally—picturesque certainly as a composition, but distasteful in a political economy view; some have recently dined, and, suffused with a grateful sense of repletion, are discoursing most sweet music. One, pursues his profession, mechanically as it were, through uneasy dozes; and when the stranger's foot-step is heard, puts forth, with a sort of drowsy instinct, the inverted brigand's hat, held feebly in a tawny brick-red hand. The tawny face does not so much as lift itself to see what fruit this exertion has borne. Would his mendicancy with the glorious black beard (ex-model doubtless)—would he condescend, for the consideration, say of a Paul, to charge himself with this letter for the post, not two streets away? Answer (blinking languidly at the silver piece, with brigand hat extended): "A *baioceho*, for the love of Heaven" (chanted in the old regulation whine). "O sweetest signor! O eccellenza! dear little signor! Signorino mio! A *baioceho* for the love of—". Sleep is gradually sealing up his eyelids, and the words dying off into a murmur, the brigand's hat drops softly from the tawny fingers, and rolls away down the steps. O begging epicurians, waiting to be regenerated, not even in the degraded round of your own profession can you show some heart or earnestness; how shall it be when the millennium comes about?

There is another slide in the stereoscopic series, exhibiting the Epicurean Labourer as he appears earning his daily crust by the sweat of his brow. Let us wait on this gentleman,

by all means. So, striking out of the long lean Corso, sharply to the left, and pushing resolutely past the palace of the Colonnas, where, between two tawdry shields hung out like sign-boards, flaunts the flag of three colours; and debouching suddenly on the monster area where Patagonians must have been playing at gigantic ninepins some time before the Flood, so quaintly suggestive of that pastime are the files of blue broken pillars tumbled over in the dust, snapped off short, and crowded together in the huge forum called after Trajan, let us make for the great old established original concern—the grand blighted Forum. In that blasted heath of a place which has gotten enclosed somehow in a sober city; where lorn columns stand up piteously abandoned to their loneliness, and a file of stunted trees stretch away with a melancholy gravity; I see our Noble Roman navy, with all his best energies aroused, busy excavating. Some hundreds of his brethren, having some leisure moments disengaged, cheer him by their presence. I see him and his fellows disposed in tiers along the side of a great earthen hollow which is being cleared out, plying spade and shovel, indeed, but after the most lounging and loitering system of husbandry that can be conceived. It is the very dolce far niente of digging; the procedure being something in this wise. First navigator, who has been in earnest discourse with a friend above, leaning on his spade top, as it might be a brigand standing at ease, suddenly bethinks him that it is time to make some show of action. Accordingly, the implement is slowly brought to the rest, a little pinch of dust or clay which another languid hand has cast up from below is scraped together, amounting to perhaps a teaspoonful. Rest and refreshment is surely needed after this exertion, and perhaps a little quiet conversation with sympathiser above; then the teaspoonful being lifted on high with infinite pains, the overtasked labourer wipes his brow and sinks exhausted on the bank. The brethren perform this manual exercise with a faithful scrupulosity, scraping up their respective portions of dust in successive acts. Sometimes labour is suspended generally along the whole line, and a scout being placed on a commanding eminence, dirty packs of cards are produced. The monotony of toil is then pleasantly diversified by games of skill or the more exciting finger gambling.

The loading and general management of a barrow, as applied to scavenging, is a matter of serious moment, and requires the service of four or five men: one, to gather the street dust into suitable ant-hillocks; two, furnished with light egg-spoons suited to their strength, to bear the hillocks (by relays) to their vehicle; a fourth, to overlook despondingly the general performance. I have often seen the whole society taking its rest, bestowed, Heaven knows how, on the various projections of the barrow, with one asleep on the wheel. It is the old story, the well-worn joke, of Beppo doing nothing, and Giacomo helping Beppo. Both those worthy

sons of toil are idle six days of the week and rest on Sundays.

Yet another slide in this social stereoscope, still further illustrating the extravagant holding by the faith that all work and no relaxation will result in making Jack, or Giacomo, a dull boy. I stand looking over the parapet of one of the melancholy bridges, corroded out of all shape and beauty, beyond its mere purpose of being a bridge and nothing more. I look down at the river below—of a rich coffee colour—gurgling and eddying through the arches, and discover with surprise that industrious Beppo and Giacomo, with a strong force of brethren, are emulating the little busy bee on the old poco curante principles. Beppo and friend, in brigand hats and jackets, have the fee of one parapet; Giacomo and friends have the fee of another; all are carrying on the trade and business of fishing, disposed in shady corners of the piers, fast asleep! Beside each, the coffee-coloured current turns languidly a huge clumsy wheel, and with the clumsy wheel revolves a sort of broad landing net, by which ingenious device Flavius Tiberis is made to fish his own waters. The rickety wheel might have some of the sluggish plebs element in him, so drowsily does he work round, now moving with a creak and spasm, now sticking fast altogether, until some bough or drowned dog is tided full against him, and sets him in motion once more. I wait a full half-hour, looking up and down the river: at St. Peter's yellow casket, glistening afar off in the sun: at the labyrinth of slums to the left yonder, where is the Old Jewry of Rome: at the fringe of tall soiled houses which line the river, all fouled and crusted at their base, like the hulls of old vessels—and am sent off into reveries, as you must infallibly be, should you ever stop to think, even for a minute, in this eternal city. Thence coming down to the sad-coloured bridge again, I find the old wheel turning, turning, creaking as before, with the net still fishless. It revolves many times more with like result. Happy Giacomo and Beppo! They will sleep on, indifferent to what Fortune, fickle jade, may have in store for them. Rusticus expectat (the old worn-out saw), and Rusticus waits, and dreams, and waits, until the river shall go by, and he shall start up regenerated.

But for a reasonable bit of inexpensive luxuriousness—not by any means to be sourly dealt with—commend me to that stereoscopic slide (of the lazy series) depicting light-hearted *cocchiere*—Roman Jehu—sitting aloft on his box and fencing off the sun with a green umbrella: partaking of his halfpenny cigar, too, with an infinite relish. It is no surprise to see him driving furiously through the shower and protecting himself with the same engine of shelter; but it does verge a little on the comical, when the weary stranger, tramping at sultry noontide into cheerful Spanish Place, finds that the whole line of conveyances has deserted its authorised standing place, and is drawn up on the footway in the cooling shade, in utter obstruction of

all foot passengers' rights of way and other privileges. Yet who is there but must cheerfully give place, and step round into the road as a thing of course? for there is no such buffo, quaint, racy, and most diverting class as these Ischvok's (?) pilots of the eternal city—Leporellos of the box. They have the most curious affinity to brethren of the same guild who "direct" jaunting-cars far away down broad Sackville-street, Dublin. From the Corso to Sackville-street, from the august to the familiar, and yet the grand column round which runs spirally an embroidered belt of metal, is a common cab-stand. They are true "gossoms," and invite you rollickingly with the bare twinkle of their eye, making that feature work on you persuasively. Even as his brother of Sackville-street, he will put eloquence into the very top of his whip, and will seduce you with a light joke. Do you stop or hesitate at a street corner doubtful of the road? The horizon is on the instant clouded with wheeled cars converging on you as upon a focus. "Olà! Ho!" "Ecco, signor!" "Hi! hi!" "Voitu, m'sieu?" "Tak a coach, sair?" is the Babel of invitation showered on the inoffensive stranger, Leporello showing his white teeth all the while from under his moustache pleasantly, gyrating round you adroitly, cutting out his neighbour dexterously, making his highly-trained performing animal describe circles, vehicle and all, of the smallest conceivable diameter. The boxes seem of a sudden peopled with Murillo boys. They invite you in with smiles, they awe you humorously with their horses' heads, they go on performing surpassing feats of drivership. There is no help for it—you must ascend; two Pauls—tenpence—is not appalling even to insolvency, and your walking virtue is broken down with a calembour in mellow Italian. So when making proposals to a fierce Ischvok, bearded like a Calmuck for a pilgrimage to Villa Doria, and the Calmuck being gently remonstrated with for what seems an exorbitant demand, is it possible to resist his sudden adaptation of the laws of political economy to the situation? "Hark you, signor," Calmuck whispers, gutturally, and speaking fast, "I am extortionate, but with a purpose. I demand more than my brothers. But why?" (Calmuck here folds his arms, and pauses for a reply.) "See these steeds, these noble generous Arabians, they will fly the whole way. They cannot be held in. They will do the hour's work in half an hour. I shall be the loser. I shall be ruined in the end. But what matter? Enter, signor!" With Leporello we must deal lightly, for the sake of his sly tricks. But for the hermit from the cell in Vauxhall Gardens, who hangs about hotel entrances in a very fair theatrical suit, and who has his cord and serge and snuffy beard and other appointments got up with tolerable appropriateness, I have no manner of toleration. In very plain speech, I look on him as an unmitigated humbug. He is an amphibious bore; and being neither secular fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor, at the same

time, good ecclesiastical red herring, I may so deal with him without irreverence. He is much grimed, very shiny and greasy, and entreats your alms with so smug a smirk and air of confidential sanctity, that I am always inclined to tell him my mind roughly, and ask why he has left the appropriate hut on the mountain where respectable regular hermits are always to be found at home by the faithful when they call.

I find Plebs standing behind my chair at great hostelrys, proffering dishes and disguised as a waiter. His heart is not in the business, and he is to the full as languid in his calling as are the epicurean mendicants, navvies, and fishermen just described, in theirs; in fact, he is one of that company, thinly varnished over and disguised in the white neckcloth and jacket of the profession. Grattez-le—scrape him with your nail (figuratively)—and the old sluggard's skin will show through. An hour out of employment, and he will be blinking and dozing on the church steps. *Dolce far niente* is tattooed upon his wrist also. In the half-hour's lull before the din and flurry of the monster dinner sets in, I see him and all his fellows out in the sun, hanging round the great porch; some, relishing the fragrant cigar; some, chattering and grimacing; but most, by preference, dozing profoundly. Anon the bells ring, the sleepers awake, eyes are rubbed, and the ministering elves who bear round the baked meats yawn over you profoundly. Oftentimes the proffered delicacy waits at your elbow, disembowelled long since by your hands; but the ministrant's thoughts are far away, feebly scanning that *bella donna Inglese*, who sits far down the table. You call to him, and he does not come bounding to you like a ball of caoutchouc, rather walks up with a certain stateliness, and, learning your pleasure, says it is well. He is utterly Boeotian in matters of direction, and will deal in wretched argot, which he calls French. I am with a poor sick gentleman, on whom some of the unwholesome malaria vapours have settled heavily, and who is feebly bespeaking an invalid's apology for a dinner. Boeotic waiter stands before him. "Just the wing of a fowl, cameriere," says the poor sick gentleman, with a strange trusting faith that in the hostelry economy there is room for little sick-room delicacies which the indisposed may "pick;" "I think I *could* manage the wing, with a bit of fried ham, and an orange." "The signor will take soup, of course?" "Soup!" shrieks sick man; "avaunt! you make me ill." "At what hour?" asks Boeotian. "Four o'clock." "It is well, signor." Boeotian retires. Sick gentleman protests that Boeotian is an extra thorn in his sorrows, a hindrance to his being made whole. Reappears Boeotian. "Did the signor say he would take soup? Maître d'hôtel desires to know." "No!" shrieks sick gentleman. "It is well," Boeotian says again, retiring; "the signor shall be served punctually at six." "Four, four!" gasps sick gentleman, resignedly. The Roman waiter is not trim and smart, like his kind of other lands,

but sadly loutish. If there be a crooked wrong end to your message, as there will be to most messages, he is pretty sure to tender it with that wrong end uppermost.

About the familiar domestics there is a waggish stupidity almost diverting. At a crowded soiree not so long since, the Bishop of X—, then abroad from his English diocese, presents himself in his proper magnificence of apron and stockings, together with Mrs. X—, and the Misses X—. Wondering open-mouthed domestic receives the full style and titles of the dignitaries and those of the accompanying ladies, gasps, rubs his eyes, and has styles and titles repeated to him many times. Finally, in utter despair, he proceeds to his duty, and chants aloud to the astonished company the advent of *Il Vescovo Secolare!* (the secular bishop). He was mystified with Mrs. Bishop. Another gentleman of Irish extraction—softening down the consonants of his patronymic to fit the Italian mouth—unconsciously scatters terror and consternation among an inoffensive family party by being heralded as *Il Vice Re*, or the Viceroy. The names of these familiars are sometimes quaintly barbarous, and curiously pagan. Scipio comes to take down your boots; Julius Cæsar will rise drowsily from his seat in the hall, where he sleeps through the day and receive your key. The baked meats which do so furnish forth the elegant table of a friend of mine, were once dressed by a skilful “chief,” known awfully as *Alcides Hercules!*

Here is that mysterious perambulator again, which I have encountered so many times before, making triumphant progress through the city, with an admiring company of the great unemployed waiting on it. The perambulator will be drawn in lottery—open-air lottery—and *Romulus* and *Remus*, and their scrubby brethren (what concern, in the name of *Jupiter Capitoline*, can they have with such a vehicle?), are busy taking tickets. I have a dim suspicion that the child’s perambulator will never be “drawn,” for I meet it again and again, and always doing a brisk business.

It were well, indeed, if *Romulus* and *Remus* did not go beyond this harmless dissipation. But have we not remarked in our walks strange significant little temples, sown thickly in every street: at first a mystery, but presently, from their frequency, mere things of course? The temples are covered from top to bottom with large numbers, have little frames standing out in the street with special figures of their own. Dark spirits are seen inside, pen in hand, entering unholy contracts; and here again are *Romulus*, *Remus*, and Company, in their torn shabby suits, entering in a stream. Figures, frames, familiars, all are at the sign of the *Lotteria Pontificia*. *Plebs Romanus* spends much of his disengaged hours at these unholy sanctuaries. The business done is surprising indeed, though the local establishments are scarcely equal to the run, and room is found for agencies from *Leghorn* and *Naples* and other

places. See into what a model figure all these touchings are combining to fashion our Common Roman!

### WET WEATHER.

UMBRELLAS from the East, wet weather from the West, and, in this year one thousand eight hundred and sixty, see the jubilee they keep together in Great Britain! It is hardly fair that the Monster Festival should have been held in our part of the world. The attractive example of the Crystal Palace may, indeed, have helped in bringing it about; but although this may be, very possibly, the thousandth, or three thousandth anniversary of the umbrella in India or China, that would be the anniversary of it as a sun-shade, and it is but eighty years—still a score short of the centenary—since it has been used to protect Englishmen from rain. Our girls, indeed, took to it earlier, for they were using it a century and a half ago, when Gay, with manly British scorn of sun and rain, exclaimed,

Let Persian dames th’ umbrella’s ribs display,  
To guard their beauties from the sunny ray;  
Britain in winter only knows its aid  
To guard from chilly show’rs the walking maid.

All very well for seventeen twelve; but had this poet been singing—if it were in man to sing—under the summer drip and chill of eighteen sixty, would his note have been the same? By what right the umbrellas have appointed to hold during a whole winter, spring, and summer this great festival among us, putting themselves over everybody’s head, and sticking out their ribs so ostentatiously, we shall make bold to ask. They could not, of course, meet in Morocco, if it be true that, there, the emperor’s umbrella is the only one permitted in the land. In this showery land everybody *must* have an umbrella, whatever the fatigue of holding it. If it be true, as most people think, while this is being written, that a cycle of rain having set in, there will be no more fine weather until the year nineteen sixty, we accept the rain we cannot stop, as a condition of life; but the umbrella, let it be warned, we do not accept. We cannot give the labour of our right arms to its support for ever.

Our chief rains come from the condensing touch of a chill current of air on the warm moist winds flowing from the southern seas. Rain, says an early pundit, is water that drops down on us out of the sky. The sorts of rain are natural (as cat-and-dog rains, showers and mizzle) and unnatural; the unnatural being divided into hard, as of stones and iron; soft, as of frogs; and fluid, as of blood or milk. Having thus treated of the matter scientifically, we will take it practically. Let it be understood that a fall of an inch in twenty-four hours represents what we in this country consider four-and-twenty hours of heavy rain. Now the regular average allowance of London or Edinburgh is but twenty-five inches a year. The average fall, if



we could have all our wet-weather at one splash, is of less than four weeks' constant heavy rain against forty-eight weeks of continual fine weather. On our west coasts the warm vapours of the Gulf stream are condensed into excess of rain. Penzance has thirty-seven instead of twenty-four inches a year, Liverpool thirty-four, Manchester thirty-six, Lancaster nearly forty, and the Cumberland Lake district, the rainiest part of England, more than that. At Kendal, fifty-three inches are the average allowance, at Keswick, sixty-seven, and at Seathwaite, a hamlet at the head of the Vale of Borrowdale, upon an observation of three years, the average rainfall was found to exceed one hundred and forty inches. Mr. Miller, the observer of Seathwaite, has found another place a mile and a half distant from that station, where the rainfall is even one-third greater. This place is called "The Sty," or Sprinkling Fell. Instead of an inch, they have had in this, the wettest bit of England, nearly seven inches in four-and-twenty hours. Thirty-five inches a year used to be the figure for all England. It is a great deal drier at Prague, where they have only fourteen, or at St. Petersburg or Copenhagen, where they have only about seventeen or eighteen inches of rain in the year. More than that, as much, indeed, as usually falls in a whole year over London, has been known, says Sir Erskine Perry, to fall in a single night upon the mountains overhanging Bombay. Rain is more plentiful among the hills. At Cherra Ponjee, in the Khasyah mountains, east of Calcutta, the rainfall has been nearly six hundred inches in a year. We sympathise with Cherra Ponjee now, for have we not enjoyed nearly a year of Cherra Ponjee weather? "No," says John Bull, "we have not. At Cherra Ponjee, when it rains, it rains. It comes down and there is an end of it. The weather here is aggravating to me. I am tempted with a smile of light, and when I put my nose outside my door am suddenly attacked and watered as if I were a tulip-bed. If when the sun shines for a minute, I rush out into my garden to gather hastily a sloppy carnation, with which, when I have dried it by my parlour fire, I may teach myself that it is not November, down the storm pours upon my head, while the wet creeps in at the heels of my slippers. You cannot call that Cherra Ponjee weather."

While the rainfall was remaining constant at Paris it increased at Viviers, in forty years, from thirty-one to thirty-seven inches; while at Marseilles, the removal of woods from the hill-tops was supposed to explain a remarkable decrease in the same period—the years being compared not singly but by tens—of twenty-two inches. Nearly the amount of a year's rain in London was taken from the quantity that used to fall at Marseilles. In the first ten years of the forty, fifty-nine inches a year fell; and in the last ten, only thirty-seven inches. Rain again has become more abundant than it used to be in Milan.

We have said that in this country we are to regard the fall of an inch in twenty-four hours as a heavy rain, but it is not only in the lake dis-

trict of Cumberland that this measure has been totally disregarded by the weather when in an ungovernable state. On Michaelmas Day, 'forty-eight, Mr. Leonard Jenyns, late Vicar of Swaffham Bulbeck, and the author of some valuable Observations in Meteorology, says that there fell in his parish more than an inch and a half in three hours. During the last one-and-twenty years the fall in London has, on four occasions, equalled or exceeded two inches in twenty-four hours. Nearly three inches once fell within that space of time at Newport, Isle of Wight, but there have been much heavier falls on the Continent. At Genoa, on the twenty-fifth of October, 'twenty-two, there was a soaking day. The fall in four-and-twenty hours was not of inches, but of two feet and a half!

Rainfall is not now attributed wholly to the contact of warm and moist with colder breaths of air. It is supposed that electricity has something to do with it. The heavy rain accompanying thunderstorms, and the especial downpour following a clap, have yet to receive a complete explanation. It is an old observation that less rain falls on the top of a house than on the pavement by its side. Experiments showing this were made, long since, at Westminster Abbey, and they were made twenty years ago at York, with this result: There fell in a year, in round numbers, twenty-six inches on the ground, twenty on a housetop forty-four feet high, and only fifteen inches on the top of a tower two hundred and thirteen feet in height. The drops of rain enlarge as they descend; sometimes, perhaps vapour comes down with the rain, and has not condensed into drops till it is near the ground. On the contrary, it sometimes happens that a current of dry air under rain falling from a height returns the waterdrops into the form of vapour, and a shower may be seen falling through the sky and vanishing before it reaches us.

It has been thought that one year in every five is very dry, and one in ten is very wet. Eighteen forty-one and 'fifty-two were the wettest years before this our wet 'sixty, a rough confirmation of the theory of tens. May it be eighteen seventy, then, before we have another year so wet as this! The Rain King has been claiming his tenths, he has had them, and we trust he is now satisfied. Though there are local variations, October and November rank with the meteorologists of England generally as wettest of the months; but they must rain hard this year to maintain their reputation. In seventeen years of measuring, the most watery month that Mr. Jenyns ever registered was that of August, eighteen forty-three.

We get usually most rain in autumn, a great deal in summer, less in spring, and least in winter; although in the winter we have most wet weather. That is because our summer rains are usually short and sharp; an hour's storm bringing down as much as may come in a week of wintry drizzle. The rainfall of eighteen sixty, probably, will represent in no striking degree the persistence of wet weather. But when it is said that, according to Captain Port-

lock, the average number of days in the year on which no rain falls over London is two hundred and twenty, and the days without rain in this year are looked for and counted upon the fingers, the peculiarity of our wet season becomes conspicuous enough.

Settled wet in this country usually comes from the south-west, and we have had it this year chiefly from the south-west; our disastrous storms that give the year a melancholy prominence in the long annals of English shipwreck were from that quarter. But we have had rain also from all other quarters of the sky. During our wet autumn season the south-west wind commonly prevails; in our dry springs we have north-easters. The wet of summer is associated with winds from between north and west, but these winds act rather by condensing vapour than like the warm and moist currents from the south-west by bringing up the rain. If there is a high temperature with a south-west wind, the vapour may be thin and invisible, the weather most delightful. If the summer be cold, as it is sometimes made in our country by the presence of an unusual number of icebergs in the Atlantic, while the south-west wind blows, the sky must cloud over and the rain must often fall. As the icebergs may chill our summers, so may an unusual extension of the Gulf stream sometimes warm our winters. General Sabine thus accounts for the extreme mildness of the winter of 'twenty-one-'twenty-two, for in that year the Gulf stream, instead of reaching only to about the meridian of the Azores, flowed to the shores of Europe.

#### CHRISTIANITY UNDER THE TURK.

EVERY one of our readers must have read more or less of the horrible massacres that have occurred on holy land by one set of Ottoman subjects upon another, while their Turkish governors looked on with indifference, or rather seemed to approve of the bloodshed. But as all may not be aware of the exact relative positions of the two sets of Ottoman subjects, we give a short sketch, condensed from an able contribution by M. John Lemoinne to the *Revue des deux Mondes*, some little time since.

A vast chain of mountains traverses a portion of Syria, from north to south, under the name of Lebanon; it divides into two branches, which are separated by a broad and fertile valley. The western branch retains the denomination of Lebanon, while the eastern chain, opposite, and nearly parallel to it, is called Anti-Lebanon. The population of this mountainous district is mainly composed of the Maronites and the Druses. The Maronites occupy the most central valleys and the highest ranges of the principal group of Mount Lebanon, from Beyrouth to Tripoli in Syria. Their origin and their settlement on the Mount, date from the earliest centuries of the Christian era.

At the epoch when the eremitical spirit was at its height, there lived on the banks of the Orontes a solitary saint, named Maroun, who, by his fastings and austerities, attracted the

reverence of the neighbouring people. It appears that in the quarrels which had already broken out between Rome and Constantinople, he sided with the Western party. His death, far from cooling his partisans, gave new strength to their zeal; it was rumoured that his dead body worked miracles; his disciples raised a tomb and a chapel in Hama; and before long there grew up a convent, which acquired great celebrity in all that part of Syria. Meanwhile, the disputes between the two metropolitans grew warmer and warmer, and the whole empire became involved in the dissensions of the princes and the priests. Towards the close of the seventh century, a monk belonging to the convent of Hama, named John the Maronite, acquired, by his talents as a preacher, great influence throughout the country, and became one of the strongest supporters of the Latin party, or the Pope's partisans. Consequently, the Pope's legate at Antioch consecrated him Bishop of Djebail, and sent him to preach in the Lebanon. The missionary made rapid progress, and was followed by nearly all the Syrian Christians. Little by little, instead of founding a congregation, he was in a condition to found a people. The Latins who had fled for refuge to the Lebanon, entrenched themselves in the free mountains, and formed there a society which was civilly, as well as religiously, independent. John kept these mountaineers in regular and military order; he supplied them with arms, and they soon became the masters of all the hill country, as far as Jerusalem. The schism which divided Islamism at that epoch, facilitated their success.

For several centuries, their history remains vague; they lost a great part of their possessions, and were circumscribed within their present limits. Although about the year 1215 they were reunited to the Church of Rome, from which they had never been widely separated, still they for a long time remained under the authority of their patriarchs. In consequence of the events which caused the Christians to lose possession of the Holy Places, the attachment of this people to the Church of Rome was greatly weakened, and the authority of the patriarchs thereby increased. But at the beginning of the fifteenth century, the Court of Rome, by able negotiations, induced the Maronites to acknowledge its superiority definitely; and in 1445, under the pontificate of Eugene the Fourth, this acknowledgment was formally renewed. Since that time, Rome has contrived to keep the Maronites within the pale of her communion by prudent concessions and compromises in respect to discipline which we shall shortly mention. Nevertheless, Rome seems to care little about the fate of her afflicted members in the East. In his last allocution, Pius the Ninth speaks long and loudly of the hard treatment which certain Italian bishops have suffered, in not being allowed their own way in stirring up disaffection against Victor Emmanuel; but he cannot find time to say a word in favour of the massacred Maronites. Perhaps his Holiness may consider the Church discipline which

has been conceded to them, much too Lutheran in principle to be published as an example to the religious world.

The Maronite form of government is quite traditional, and reposes entirely on manners and customs. The people have always retained a great independence; and at the same time that their religious belief kept them united amongst themselves, the nature of their country, which gave to every village and almost to every family the means of resistance by their own proper strength, prevented the establishment of a sole and central power. They live scattered over the mountains in villages, hamlets, and even isolated houses. The nation may be regarded as divided into two classes: the people, and the sheiks or notables. The sheiks exercise a sort of feudal power, and administer justice; but that justice, summarily administered, is not without appeal. The highest jurisdiction belongs, or rather did belong until lately, to the Emir and his divan. Nevertheless, there is a conflicting jurisdiction between this authority and the ecclesiastical authority. The patriarch of the Maronites alone retains the right of decision in every case where the civil law may be at variance with the religious law, such as marriages, dispensations, and separations. The civil authority is obliged to be very careful how it treats the patriarch and the bishops; for the influence of the clergy is immense.

The whole nation of the Maronites is agricultural; every one lives on his own personal labour; and the sheiks are only distinguished from the people by a shabby pelisse, a horse, and a few advantages in respect to food and lodging. Property is as sacred there as it is in Europe. M. Lamartine says: The slopes of these mountains which face the sea, are fertile, watered by numerous streams and inexhaustible cascades. They produce silk, oil, and wheat. The heights are almost inaccessible, and the naked rock everywhere pierces through the mountain-side. But the indefatigable activity of the people, whose only safe asylum for their religion was behind these peaks and precipices, has rendered even the rocks fertile. Stage by stage, up to the topmost crests, as far as the eternal snows, they have constructed with blocks of stone the walls of terraces, up to which they have carried the small quantity of vegetable earth which the waters had deposited in the ravines, and have converted the whole of Lebanon into a garden covered with fig-trees, mulberry-trees, olive-trees, and corn. The traveller cannot recover from his astonishment when, after having climbed for whole days along the peaked buttresses of the mountain, which are nothing but enormous blocks of rock, he suddenly finds, in the hollow of an elevated gorge or on the plain of a pyramid of mountains, a handsome village built of white stone, inhabited by a rich and numerous population, with a Moorish castle in the midst, a monastery in the distance, a torrent which rolls its foam at the foot of the village, and all around a horizon of vegetation and verdure in which pines, chesnut and mulberry trees

support the vines or overhang the fields of maize and wheat. These villages are sometimes almost perpendicularly suspended one over the other; you may throw a stone from one village to the other; you can hear and understand spoken words; and the slope of the mountain nevertheless compels so many zig-zags and sinuosities to trace the path of communication between them, that it takes an hour, or even two, to go from one hamlet to the other.

Although the Maronites look up to the Pope as their spiritual chief, it is nevertheless by discreet concessions that the Holy See has maintained her supremacy over the Catholics of Mount Lebanon. She has dispensed with the celibacy of the Maronite priests—that is, of those who belong to the secular clergy; the bishops and monks have to follow the rule observed by the Roman Catholics of Europe. The priests, moreover, can only marry a single woman, and not a widow; nor can a priest marry a second time, in the event of his being left a widower. A Maronite clergyman's wife may therefore expect to be doubly dear, doubly cherished. It appears that this privilege of the Maronite clergy, far from being injurious to the regularity of sacerdotal manners, has proved extremely favourable to morality. Every traveller who has visited the country agrees in affirming that this little Church, isolated in the mountains, presents a most faithful image of the primitive Church.

As to their liturgy, the popes have also conceded much. The mass is celebrated in the Syriac language, which the people, in general, do not understand; but at the Gospel the priest turns towards the people and reads the text aloud in Arabic. The communion is administered in both kinds. The host is a small round unleavened cake. The portion of the officiating minister is marked by a stamp; the rest is divided into small pieces which the priest puts into the chalice with the wine, and which he administers to each individual with a spoon that serves for the whole community. The priests live by the altar and by the labour of their hands. They practise either agriculture or trade. The members of the superior clergy, the patriarch, and the bishops, are in easier circumstances. They collect from their flock a personal poll-tax, to which the curés and the monks have to contribute as well as the laity.

While they recognise the Pope's supremacy, the Maronite clergy have reserved the right of electing a patriarch, or *batrak*. This patriarch is elected by the bishops and approved by the Pope's legate to Mount Lebanon. The legate resides at the monastery of Antoura. There are a very considerable number of bishops in the Mount. A bishop is often met on the roads, riding on a mule, and followed by a single sacristan. The majority live in convents, and they are only distinguished from simple priests by a long crimson robe with a red girdle. They exert undisputed influence throughout Lebanon, and could raise the people with a word. Besides a numerous clergy, Mount Lebanon possesses many monasteries for men and also for

women. The three religious orders in greatest veneration are the Libanians, the Antonines, and the Halebys or Aleppines. The French Lazarists have a college at Antoura which formerly belonged to the Jesuits, who have still two establishments on the Mount. There is at Rome a Maronite college, founded by Gregory the Thirteenth, which has sent out some celebrated Oriental scholars. Thanks to these educational advantages, the Maronites have often become what the Copts are in Egypt and the Persians are amongst the Affghans—the writers and depositaries of the correspondence of the Turks, and especially of the Druses. Their monastic rule is generally that of Saint Anthony, which the monks practise rigorously. They are clad in coarse woollen cloth; they never eat meat; they observe frequent and severe fasts. They lead a laborious life, tilling the ground and working at trades. Every convent has a shoemaker friar, a tailor friar, and a baker friar. The nuns also are industriously occupied.

Until lately, the Maronites always enjoyed great liberty in the exercise of their worship. They are the only Christian people subject to Mussulman rule, who have been allowed to go in procession outside their churches with crosses and banners in front, and the priests decorated with their sacerdotal ornaments. It is well known what horror the Turks entertain for bells; nevertheless, throughout the Mount the Maronite bells pealed without hindrance or interruption. One of the most tyrannical vexations which a late Turkish governor could inflict on the Maronites, was to stop the ringing of all but wooden bells. The Maronite population may be reckoned at something more than two hundred thousand. They could easily raise thirty thousand fighting men. Nevertheless they are weaker than the Druses, who are much more warlike, and who exercise over them a sort of military predominance, which is so firmly established that, in spite of their religious enmity, several of the great Maronite families, in order to maintain their influence in their tribe, were obliged to put themselves under Druse protection, although the Druses are less numerous than themselves.

The Druses are naturally bloodthirsty and vindictive, although they have great apparent generosity, and exercise boundless hospitality. The Maronites are hospitable, but less so than the Druses: which may be accounted for by religious causes, and by the mistrust which they feel from their isolation amongst infidels—sheep in the midst of wolves. The Druses receive a stranger according to the precept of the Mussulman law: "The first duty of hospitality is to abstain from asking a stranger whence he comes, and in what faith he has been brought up; but it is a duty to ask him if he is hungry, if he is thirsty, and if he has clothing."

The Druses occupy the southern part of Mount Lebanon, the eastern slopes of Anti-Lebanon, and Djebel Sheik. There are thirty-seven towns and villages entirely inhabited by the Druses, in Lebanon, and two hundred and

eleven villages by Druses intermingled with Christians. In Anti-Lebanon, the Druses by themselves inhabit sixty-nine villages or towns; a great number of others are heterogeneously peopled by Druses, Maronites, and schismatic Greeks. Like the Maronites, the Druses may be divided into two classes: that of the sheiks and emirs, and that of the people. Their general employment is the culture of land; every one lives on his inheritance, from the produce of his mulberry-trees and his vines. The Emir unites in his person the civil and the military power, and receives his investiture from the Turkish Pasha. He collects the tribute which the Mount pays to the Porte: this tribute, called *miri*, is imposed on the mulberry-trees, the vines, the cotton, and the corn. The Emir keeps no regular troops, but retains in his service a long following of clients. In case of war, every man capable of bearing arms must serve. Throughout the Levant, the Druses are spoken of as bold, enterprising, and brave even to rashness. They are excessively touchy on the point of honour, and never pardon an injury. Their domestic morality is extremely severe: they have only one wife each, but they may repudiate her and marry again. Infidelity on the woman's part is punished with death, and that by the hand of her own relations. The husband sends her back to her family with a poniard which he received from her on the wedding-day. The father or the brothers cut off her head, and send the husband a lock of bloody hair. The maxim of the Druses is, "Blood always follows dishonour." The authorities never interfere in these acts of domestic justice.

The origin of the Druses is a matter of controversy; one of the national traditions makes them the descendants of a European colony left in the East after the Crusades. It is not rare to hear them boast of belonging to the Gallic race; but it is probable that, like the Maronites, they are an Arab tribe of the Desert, who, having embraced one of the religious parties which arose in the East at the time of the great Mussulman schism, fled to the mountains, and entrenched themselves there, to avoid persecution. As to their religion, that word can scarcely be applied to the corrupt mixture of Mussulman dogmas and Pagan superstitions which constitute this people's creed. The Druses practise neither circumcision, nor fasting, nor prayer; they observe neither feasts, nor times of abstinence. They are divided into two castes: the *akkals*, or initiated, and the *djahels*, or the ignorant. The highest order of *akkals* are distinguished by white turbans. It is said that the secret assemblies of the initiated, resemble the ancient mysteries of Eleusis. The marriage of brothers and sisters is permitted. Their calf-worship appears clearly established by M. de Sacy, in his great work on the religion of the Druses. They have great faith in amulets, which represent to the initiated, masonic signs. An Englishman stuck one of these symbolic calves in his button-hole, as if it were a decoration, and showed it to a Druse chief who hap-



pened to be in London. The Druse turned white with rage, and told the Englishman that if they had been on Mount Lebanon he would have killed him on the spot. In short, the most marked character of this people's religion is, that it accommodates itself to any circumstances. The Druses are true Pagans. They will consent either to be baptised or circumcised, in case of need; but at bottom they remain Druses, and nothing but Druses. Whenever the Mount is not threatened by foreign domination, the Druses turn oppressors, and persecute the unhappy Maronites. Just now, they carry fire and flame into the Christian villages; and to conciliate the Porte, they offer to turn Mussulmans, exactly as they once turned Christians to ensure the protection of the European powers.

Such are the two races of men, whom the Turks, instead of governing, oppose face to face, until the feebler party shall be exterminated. Mehemet Ali did govern them with an iron hand. It is to be hoped that some one else will soon undertake the task.

#### THE UNCOMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THERE are not many places that I find it more agreeable to revisit when I am in an idle mood, than some places to which I have never been. For, my acquaintance with those spots is of such long standing, and has ripened into an intimacy of so affectionate a nature, that I take a particular interest in assuring myself that they are unchanged.

I never was in Robinson Crusoe's Island, yet I frequently return there. The colony he established on it soon faded away, and it is uninhabited by any descendants of the grave and courteous Spaniards, or of Will Atkins and the other mutineers, and has relapsed into its original condition. Not a twig of its wicker houses remains, its goats have long run wild again, its screaming parrots would darken the sun with a cloud of many flaming colours if a gun were fired there, no face is ever reflected in the waters of the little creek which Friday swam across when pursued by his two brother cannibals with sharpened stomachs. After comparing notes with other travellers who have similarly revisited the Island and conscientiously inspected it, I have satisfied myself that it contains no vestige of Mr. Atkins's domesticity or theology, though his track on the memorable evening of his landing to set his captain ashore, when he was decoyed about and round about until it was dark, and his boat was stove, and his strength and spirits failed him, is yet plainly to be traced. So is the hill-top on which Robinson was struck dumb with joy when the reinstated captain pointed to the ship, riding within half a mile of the shore, that was to bear him away, in the nine-and-twentieth year of his seclusion in that lonely place. So is the sandy beach on which the memorable footstep was impressed, and where the savages hauled up their canoes when they came ashore for those dreadful public dinners, which led to a dancing worse

than speech-making. So is the cave where the flaring eyes of the old goat made such a goblin appearance in the dark. So is the site of the hut where Robinson lived with the dog and the parrot and the cat, and where he endured those first agonies of solitude, which—strange to say—never involved any ghostly fancies; a circumstance so very remarkable, that perhaps he left out something in writing his record? Round hundreds of such objects, hidden in the dense tropical foliage, the tropical sea breaks evermore; and over them the tropical sky, saving in the short rainy season, shines bright and cloudless.

Neither, was I ever belated among wolves, on the borders of France and Spain; nor, did I ever, when night was closing in and the ground was covered with snow, draw up my little company among some felled trees which served as a breastwork, and there fire a train of gunpowder so dexterously that suddenly we had three or four score blazing wolves illuminating the darkness around us. Nevertheless, I occasionally go back to that dismal region and perform the feat again; when indeed to smell the singing and the frying of the wolves afire, and to see them setting one another alight as they rush and tumble, and to behold them rolling in the snow vainly attempting to put themselves out, and to hear their howlings taken up by all the echoes as well as by all the unseen wolves within the woods, makes me tremble.

I was never in the robbers' cave, where Gil Blas lived, but I often go back there and find the trap-door just as heavy to raise as it used to be, while that wicked old disabled Black lies everlastingly cursing in bed. I was never in Don Quixote's study where he read his books of chivalry until he rose and hacked at imaginary giants, and then refreshed himself with great draughts of water, yet you couldn't move a book in it without my knowledge, or with my consent. I was never (thank Heaven) in company with the little old woman who hobbled out of the chest and told the merchant Abudah to go in search of the Talisman of Oromanes, yet I make it my business to know that she is well preserved and as intolerable as ever. I was never at the school where the boy Horatio Nelson got out of bed to steal the pears: not because he wanted any, but because every other boy was afraid: yet I have several times been back to this Academy, to see him let down out of window with a sheet. So with Damascus, and Bagdad, and Brobdingnag (which has the curious fate of being usually misspelt when written), and Lilliput, and Laputa, and the Nile, and Abyssinia, and the Ganges, and the North Pole, and many hundreds of places—I was never at them, yet it is an affair of my life to keep them intact, and I am always going back to them.

But when I was in Dullborough one day, revisiting the associations of my childhood as recorded in previous pages of these notes, my experience in this wise was made quite considerable and of no account, by the quantity of places and people—utterly impossible places and

people, but none the less alarmingly real—that I found I had been introduced to by my nurse before I was six years old, and used to be forced to go back to at night without at all wanting to go. If we all knew our own minds (in a more enlarged sense than the popular acceptance of that phrase), I suspect we should find our nurses responsible for most of the dark corners we are forced to go back to, against our wills.

The first diabolical character that intruded himself on my peaceful youth (as I called to mind that day at Dullborough), was a certain Captain Murderer. This wretch must have been an offshoot of the Blue Beard family, but I had no suspicion of the consanguinity in those times. His warning name would seem to have awakened no general prejudice against him, for he was admitted into the best society and possessed immense wealth. Captain Murderer's mission was matrimony, and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. On his marriage morning, he always caused both sides of the way to church to be planted with curious flowers; and when his bride said, "Dear Captain Murderer, I never saw flowers like these before: what are they called?" he answered, "They are called Garnish for house-lamb," and laughed at his ferocious practical joke in a horrid manner, disquieting the minds of the noble bridal company, with a very sharp show of teeth, then displayed for the first time. He made love in a coach and six, and married in a coach and twelve, and all his horses were milk-white horses with one red spot on the back which he caused to be hidden by the harness. For, the spot *would* come there, though every horse was milk white when Captain Murderer bought him. And the spot was young bride's blood. (To this terrific point I am indebted for my first personal experience of a shudder and cold beads on the forehead.) When Captain Murderer had made an end of feasting and revelry, and had dismissed the noble guests, and was alone with his wife on the day month after their marriage, it was his whimsical custom to produce a golden rolling-pin and a silver pie-board. Now, there was this special feature in the Captain's courtships, that he always asked if the young lady could make pie-crust; and if she couldn't by nature or education, she was taught. Well. When the bride saw Captain Murderer produce the golden rolling-pin and silver pie-board, she remembered this, and turned up her laced-silk sleeves to make a pie. The Captain brought out a silver pie-dish of immense capacity, and the Captain brought out flour and butter and eggs and all things needful, except the inside of the pie; of materials for the staple of the pie itself, the Captain brought out none. Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, what pie is this to be?" He replied, "A meat pie." Then said the lovely bride, "Dear Captain Murderer, I see no meat." The Captain humorously retorted, "Look in the glass." She looked in the glass, but still she saw no meat, and then the Captain roared with laughter, and, suddenly frowning and drawing his sword, bade her roll out the crust. So she

rolled out the crust, dropping large tears upon it all the time because he was so cross, and when she had lined the dish with crust and had cut the crust all ready to fit the top, the Captain called out, "I see the meat in the glass!" And the bride looked up at the glass, just in time to see the Captain cutting her head off; and he chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Captain Murderer went on in this way, prospering exceedingly, until he came to choose a bride from two twin sisters, and at first didn't know which to choose. For, though one was fair and the other dark, they were both equally beautiful. But the fair twin loved him, and the dark twin hated him, so he chose the fair one. The dark twin would have prevented the marriage if she could, but she couldn't; however, on the night before it, much suspecting Captain Murderer, she stole out and climbed his garden wall, and looked in at his window through a chink in the shutter, and saw him having his teeth filed sharp. Next day she listened all day, and heard him make his joke about the house-lamb. And that day month, he had the paste rolled out, and cut the fair twin's head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

Now, the dark twin had had her suspicions much increased by the filing of the Captain's teeth, and again by the house-lamb joke. Putting all things together when he gave out that her sister was dead, she divined the truth, and determined to be revenged. So she went up to Captain Murderer's house, and knocked at the knocker and pulled at the bell, and when the Captain came to the door, said: "Dear Captain Murderer, marry me next, for I always loved you and was jealous of my sister." The Captain took it as a compliment, and made a polite answer, and the marriage was quickly arranged. On the night before it, the bride again climbed to his window, and again saw him having his teeth filed sharp. At this sight, she laughed such a terrible laugh, at the chink in the shutter, that the Captain's blood curdled, and he said: "I hope nothing has disagreed with me!" At that, she laughed again, a still more terrible laugh, and the shutter was opened and search made, but she was nimbly gone and there was no one. Next day they went to church in the coach and twelve, and were married. And that day month, she rolled the pie-crust out, and Captain Murderer cut her head off, and chopped her in pieces, and peppered her, and salted her, and put her in the pie, and sent it to the baker's, and ate it all, and picked the bones.

But before she began to roll out the paste she had taken a deadly poison of a most awful character, distilled from toads' eyes and spiders' knees; and Captain Murderer had hardly picked her last bone, when he began to swell, and to turn blue, and to be all over spots, and to scream. And he went on swelling and turning bluer and being more all over spots and scream-

ing, until he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall; and then, at one o'clock in the morning, he blew up with a loud explosion. At the sound of it, all the milk-white horses in the stables broke their halters and went mad, and then they galloped over everybody in Captain Murderer's house (beginning with the family blacksmith who had filed his teeth) until the whole were dead, and then they galloped away.

Hundreds of times did I hear this legend of Captain Murderer, in my early youth, and added hundreds of times was there a mental compulsion upon me to bed, to peep in at his window as the dark twin peeped, and to revisit his horrible house, and look at him in his blue and spotty and screaming stage, as he reached from floor to ceiling and from wall to wall. The young woman who brought me acquainted with Captain Murderer, had a fiendish enjoyment of my terrors, and used to begin, I remember—as a sort of introductory overture—by clawing the air with both hands, and uttering a long low hollow groan. So acutely did I suffer from this ceremony in combination with this infernal Captain, that I sometimes used to plead I thought I was hardly strong enough and old enough to hear the story again just yet. But she never spared me one word of it, and indeed commended the awful chalice to my lips as the only preservative known to science against "The Black Cat"—a weird and glaring-eyed supernatural Tom, who was reputed to prowls about the world by night, sucking the breath of infancy, and who was endowed with a special thirst (as I was given to understand) for mine.

This female bard—may she have been repaid my debt of obligation to her in the matter of nightmares and perspirations!—reappears in my memory as the daughter of a shipwright. Her name was Mercy, though she had none on me. There was something of a ship-building flavour in the following story. As it always recurs to me in a vague association with calomel pills, I believe it to have been reserved for dull nights when I was low with medicine.

There was once a shipwright, and he wrought in a Government Yard, and his name was Chips. And his father's name before him was Chips, and his father's name before him was Chips, and they were all Chipsets. And Chips the father had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the grandfather had sold himself to the Devil for an iron pot and a bushel of tenpenny nails and half a ton of copper and a rat that could speak; and Chips the great-grandfather had disposed of himself in the same direction on the same terms; and the bargain had run in the family for a long long time. So one day when young Chips was at work in the Dock Slip all alone, down in the dark hold of an old Seventy-four that was hauled up for repairs, the Devil presented himself, and remarked:

"A Lemon has pips,  
And a Yard has ships,  
And I'll have Chips!"

(I don't know why, but this fact of the Devil's expressing himself in rhyme was peculiarly trying to me.) Chips looked up when he heard the words, and there he saw the Devil with saucer eyes that squinted on a terrible great scale, and that struck out sparks of blue fire continually. And whenever he winked his eyes, showers of blue sparks came out, and his eyelashes made a clattering like flints and steels striking lights. And hanging over one of his arms by the handle was an iron pot, and under that arm was a bushel of tenpenny nails, and under his other arm was half a ton of copper, and sitting on one of his shoulders was a rat that could speak. So the Devil said again:

"A Lemon has pips,  
And a Yard has ships,  
And I'll have Chips!"

(The invariable effect of this alarming tautology on the part of the Evil Spirit was to deprive me of my senses for some moments.) So Chips answered never a word, but went on with his work. "What are you doing, Chips?" said the rat that could speak. "I am putting in new planks where you and your gang have eaten old away," said Chips. "But we'll eat them too," said the rat that could speak; "and we'll let in the water, and we'll drown the crew, and we'll eat them too." Chips, being only a shipwright, and not a Man-of-war's man, said, "You are welcome to it." But he couldn't keep his eyes off the half a ton of copper or the bushel of tenpenny nails; for nails and copper are a shipwright's sweethearts, and shipwrights will run away with them whenever they can. So the Devil said, "I see what you are looking at, Chips. You had better strike the bargain. You know the terms. Your father before you was well acquainted with them, and so were your grandfather and great-grandfather before him." Says Chips, "I like the copper, and I like the nails, and I don't mind the pot, but I don't like the rat." Says the Devil, fiercely, "You can't have the metal without him—and he's a curiosity. I'm going." Chips, afraid of losing the half a ton of copper and the bushel of nails, then said, "Give us hold!" So he got the copper and the nails and the pot and the rat that could speak, and the Devil vanished.

Chips sold the copper, and he sold the nails, and he would have sold the pot; but whenever he offered it for sale, the rat was in it, and the dealers dropped it, and would have nothing to say to the bargain. So Chips resolved to kill the rat, and, being at work in the Yard one day with a great kettle of hot pitch on one side of him and the iron pot with the rat in it on the other, he turned the scalding pitch into the pot, and filled it full. Then he kept his eye upon it till it cooled and hardened, and then he let it stand for twenty days, and then he heated the pitch again and turned it back into the kettle, and then he sank the pot in water for twenty days more, and then he got the smelters to put it in the furnace for twenty days more, and then they gave it him out, red hot, and looking like red-hot glass in-

stead of iron—yet there was the rat in it, just the same as ever! And the moment it caught his eye, it said with a jeer:

"A Lemon has pips,  
And a Yard has ships,  
And I'll have Chips!"

(For this Refrain I had waited since its last appearance, with inexpressible horror, which now culminated.) Chips now felt certain in his own mind that the rat would stick to him; the rat, answering his thought, said, "I will—like pitch!"

Now, as the rat leaped out of the pot when it had spoken, and made off, Chips began to hope that it wouldn't keep its word. But a terrible thing happened next day. For, when dinner-time came and the Dock-bell rang to strike work, he put his rule into the long pocket at the side of his trousers, and there he found a rat—not that rat, but another rat. And in his hat, he found another; and in his pocket-handkerchief, another; and in the sleeves of his coat, when he pulled it on to go to dinner, two more. And from that time he found himself so frightfully intimate with all the rats in the Yard, that they climbed up his legs when he was at work, and sat on his tools while he used them. And they could all speak to one another, and he understood what they said. And they got into his lodging, and into his bed, and into his teapot, and into his beer, and into his boots. And he was going to be married to a corn-chandler's daughter; and when he gave her a workbox he had himself made for her, a rat jumped out of it; and when he put his arm round her waist, a rat clung about her; so the marriage was broken off, though the banns were already twice put up—which the parish clerk well remembers, for, as he handed the book to the clergyman for the second time of asking, a large fat rat ran over the leaf. (By this time a special cascade of rats was rolling down my back, and the whole of my small listening person was overrun with them. At intervals ever since, I have been morbidly afraid of my own pocket, lest my exploring hand should find a specimen or two of those vermin in it.)

You may believe that all this was very terrible to Chips; but even all this was not the worst. He knew besides, what the rats were doing, wherever they were. So sometimes he would cry aloud, when he was at his club at night, "Oh! Keep the rats out of the convicts' burying-ground! Don't let them do that!" Or, "There's one of them at the cheese down stairs!" Or, "There's two of them smelling at the baby in the garret!" Or, other things of that sort. At last, he was voted mad, and lost his work in the Yard, and could get no other work. But King George wanted men, so before very long he got pressed for a sailor. And so he was taken off in a boat one evening to his ship, lying at Spithead, ready to sail. And so the first thing he made out in her as he got near her, was the figure-head of the old Seventy-four, where he had seen the Devil. She was called the Argonaut, and they rowed

right under the bowsprit where the figure-head of the Argonaut, with a sheepskin in his hand and a blue gown on, was looking out to sea; and sitting staring on his forehead was the rat who could speak, and his exact words were these: "Chips ahoy! Old boy! We've pretty well eat them too, and will drown the crew, and will eat them too!" (Here I always became exceedingly faint, and would have asked for water, but that I was speechless.)

The ship was bound for the Indies; and if you don't know where that is, you ought to it, and angels will never love you. (Here I felt myself an outcast from a future state.) The ship set sail that very night, and she sailed, and sailed, and sailed. Chips's feelings were dreadful. Nothing ever equalled his terrors. No wonder. At last, one day he asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. Chips went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Your Honour, unless your Honour, without a moment's loss of time makes sail for the nearest shore, this is a doomed ship, and her name is the Coffin!" "Young man, your words are a madman's words." "Your Honour no; they are nibbling us away." "They?" "Your Honour, them dreadful rats. Dust and hollowness where solid oak ought to be! Rats nibbling a grave for every man on board! Oh! Does your Honour love your Lady and your pretty children?" "Yes, my man, to be sure." "Then, for God's sake, make for the nearest shore, for at this present moment the rats are all stopping in their work, and are all looking straight towards you with bare teeth, and are all saying to one another that you shall never, never, never, never, see your Lady and your children more." "My poor fellow, you are a case for the doctor. Sentry, take care of this man!"

So he was bled and he was blistered, and he was this and that, for six whole days and nights. So then he again asked leave to speak to the Admiral. The Admiral giv' leave. He went down on his knees in the Great State Cabin. "Now, Admiral, you must die! You took no warning; you must die! The rats are never wrong in their calculations, and they make out that they'll be through, at twelve to-night. So, you must die!—With me and all the rest!" And so at twelve o'clock there was a great leak reported in the ship, and a torrent of water rushed in and nothing could stop it, and they all went down, every living soul. And what the rats—being water-rats—left of Chips, at last floated to shore, and sitting on him was an immense overgrown rat, laughing, that dived when the corpse touched the beach and never came up. And there was a deal of seaweed on the remains. And if you get thirteen bits of seaweed, and dry them and burn them in the fire, they will go—off—like in these thirteen words as plain as plain can be:

"A Lemon has pips,  
And a Yard has ships,  
And I've got Chips!"

The same female bard—descended, possibly,



from those terrible old Scalds who seem to have existed for the express purpose of adding the brains of mankind when they begin to investigate languages—made a standing pretence which greatly assisted in forcing me back to a number of hideous places that I would by all means have avoided. This pretence was, that all her ghost stories had occurred to her own relations. Politeness towards a meritorious family, therefore forbade my doubting them, and they acquired an air of authentication that impaired my digestive powers for life. There was a narrative concerning an unearthly animal foreboding death, which appeared in the open street to a parlour-maid who “went to fetch the beer” for supper: first (as I now recal it) assuming the likeness of a black dog, and gradually rising on its hind-legs and swelling into the semblance of some quadruped greatly surpassing a hippopotamus: which apparition—not because I deemed it in the least improbable, but because I felt it to be really too large to bear—I feebly endeavoured to explain away. But on Mercy’s retorting with wounded dignity that the parlour-maid was her own sister-in-law, I perceived there was no hope, and resigned myself to this zoological phenomenon as one of my many pursuers. There was another narrative describing the apparition of a young woman who came out of a glass-case and haunted another young woman until the other young woman questioned it and elicited that its bones (Lord! To think of its being so particular about its bones!) were buried under the glass-case, whereas she required them to be interred, with every Undertaking solemnity up to twenty-four pound ten, in another particular place. This narrative I considered I had a personal interest in disproving, because we had glass-cases at home, and how, otherwise, was I to be guaranteed from the intrusion of young women requiring me to bury them up to twenty-four pound ten, when I had only twopence a week? But my remorseless nurse cut the ground from under my tender feet, by informing me that She was the other young woman; and I couldn’t say “I don’t believe you;” it was not possible.

Such are a few of the uncommercial journeys that I was forced to make, against my will, when I was very young and unreasoning. And really, as to the latter part of them, it is not so very long ago—now I come to think of it—that I was asked to undertake them once again, with a steady countenance.

#### VIDOCQ’S WORKS.

A CORRESPONDENT calls our attention to the opening sentence of our sketch of Vidocq,\* in which it is stated that Vidocq “was no writer, and never knew the most elementary rules of grammar and orthography,” and suggests that there must be error somewhere, in consequence of a particular circumstance which came to our correspondent’s knowledge.

In the year 1837, a French manufacturer of

hand-made lace—a lady—was swindled, by one Courtial, of goods to the amount of some eight hundred pounds. It occurred at Paris, and Courtial escaped to England. The lady consulted her friends, and got plenty of advice. Some told her to put herself in the hands of Vidocq; others gave her letters of introduction to England. She went to Vidocq, had an interview with him, told him her story, paid him his fee, and was much compassionated by him; he knew perfectly how to gain the sympathy of female hearts. He sat down before her, and under her own eyes wrote a letter, now in our correspondent’s possession, of which we give the French original with a translation. All this she herself told our correspondent, when she came to London, the week afterwards, to use her letters of introduction. The one addressed to him happened to look the most promising; and, as it turned out, was fortunate for her. On trade inquiry, it was found that the swindler was offering the goods for sale; his residence was traced, himself arrested, and the whole of the property recovered for the owner.

Vidocq’s letter, addressed to some obscure man of law near the Strand, was not presented, though the book alluded to was duly sent.

Monsieur,—J’ai l’honneur de vous prier d’avoir la bonté d’être utile et de rendre service à la dame que je charge de vous remettre cette lettre, qui vient d’avoir le malheur d’être volée et trompée par un fripon qui est à Londres en ce moment. Cet individu, à Paris, est sous le coup d’un mandat d’amener, qu’il n’a évité que par la fuite; aussi bien que Lafond-Arnaux, son complice. Ces deux fripons ont agi, à l’égard de cette dame, d’une manière bien infâme.

Je profite de cette occasion pour vous adresser un exemplaire d’un ouvrage que je viens de publier, et qui est bien recherché tant à Paris qu’au dehors. Je m’estimerai heureux et satisfait si vous daignez l’agréer et le communiquer à vos amis. Cet ouvrage peut n’avoir pas le même mérite pour l’Angleterre que pour la France,\* mais il vous mettra à même, ainsi que les philanthropes\* et lecteurs éclairés de votre pays de connaître le langage habituel de nos voleurs, aussi bien que leurs manières de travailler.

Je regrette bien sincèrement, Monsieur, d’être obligé de vous importuner si souvent, et de ne pouvoir vous payer de réciprocité. Si je peux vous être de quelque utilité à Paris, soit pour vous, soit pour vos connaissances, je vous en prie, disposez de moi; vous me rendrez service.

J’ai l’honneur d’être avec une parfaite considération,

Monsieur,

Votre très humble et

Très obéissant serviteur,

VIDOCQ.

Paris, le 21 Avril, 1837.

Sir,—I have the honour to beg you to have the goodness to be useful and to render service to the lady whom I commission to deliver you this letter, who has just had the misfortune to be robbed and deceived by a rogue who at this moment is in London. This individual is liable, at Paris, to the consequences of a mandate to be brought up for examination, which he has only escaped by taking to flight; as well as Lafond-Arnaux his accomplice.

\* Errors in orthography.

\* See All the Year Round, No. 64, page 331.

These two swindlers have acted, with regard to this lady, in a very infamous manner.

I profit by the occasion to send you a copy of a work which I have just published, and which is much sought after both in Paris and out of it. I shall consider myself fortunate and satisfied if you deign to accept it and to communicate it to your friends. This work may not have the same merit for England as for France,\* but it will enable you as well as the philanthropists\* and enlightened readers of your country to become acquainted with the habitual language of our thieves, as well as their modes of doing business.

I regret, Sir, very sincerely, to be obliged to trouble you so frequently, and not to be able to pay you reciprocally. If I can be of any use to you in Paris, whether for yourself or your acquaintances, dispose of me, I beg of you; you will render me a service.

I have the honour to be with perfect consideration,

Sir,

Your very humble and

Very obedient servant,

VIDOCQ.

Paris, the 21st of April, 1837.

Our correspondent's criticism is just; but a comparison of the date of the letter (1837, when Vidocq had nearly completed his sixty-second year) with M. Maurice's reference to the authorship of the book called Vidocq's *Mémoires* will clearly show that he, M. Maurice, has not made any misstatement of such inaccuracy as to weaken the authority of his biography, but that he has merely made a literary slip of the pen, not expressing himself so clearly as he ought, but saying more than he really intended to say. Vidocq's literary accomplishments may be believed to have been greatly improved after he left the police, and while he was keeping the Information Office. The *Mémoires* were published in 1828. In nine years, a clever man may make great progress in reading and writing. M. Maurice's words are, "Vidocq n'était pas écrivain et n'avait jamais connu les règles les plus élémentaires de grammaire ou d'orthographe." If he had written, as he ought, "At the time when the *Mémoires* were published, Vidocq was a very indifferent writer, and up to that date had never learned the rules of grammar and orthography," our correspondent would probably be satisfied. And that, without doubt, is what M. Maurice meant to say; for, towards the close of his volume, he gives, word for word, several letters which Vidocq wrote with his own hand. Here is one in which he presumes to interfere with so literary an enterprise as the starting of a newspaper:

34, Rue Saint-Louis, au Marais,  
the 4th of January, 1850.

Monsieur,—It appears that M. Dupont de Bussac, your friend, is the head editor of a journal which ought to make a great noise, and whose success ought to be insured by the merit of the editor.

But you are even better aware than I am that at the present day, the most useful, the best combined enterprises, are jeopardised and often fall into oblivion if they are presented without being preceded and accompanied by puffs (la réclame)! But at the pre-

sent day, the inquisitive portion of the public has no longer the slightest confidence in newspaper puffs.

It is of no use being afraid to state the fact that the best things in the world will produce nothing better than pump water unless they are helped by charlatanism, which is the touchstone of success. On this point I have certain data, and I am able to give a multitude of examples.

If M. Dupont wishes to succeed, he must lose no time in engaging some intelligent ticklers (chatouilleurs) to run about Paris and its suburbs, with the mission of whisking up (pour faire mousser) the journal, and adroitly obliging eating-house keepers, tavern keepers, lemonade sellers, pot-house keepers, and the masters of dram-shops, to take in the new democratic organ.

I am in a position to undertake this propaganda at a small expense, about the result of which there can be no doubt. You may mention it to your friend, and if he approves of my plan, let him send for me to speak to him. I will prove the efficaciousness of my means to his satisfaction.

Meanwhile, I have the honour to salute you very humbly.

VIDOCQ.

The biographer, therefore, not only proves that Vidocq, in his latter days, could write, but also that he could write much to the purpose, furnishing a useful hint to whoever shall speculate in setting up a rival to the *Times* or the *Morning Post*. The book mentioned in our correspondent's letter is probably *not* the *Mémoires* proper, which excited immense curiosity, and brought in Vidocq some forty thousand francs. At first there were only two volumes, to which he added a third. He then tried to get as far as a fourth; but falling short of autobiographical details, he made it a sort of physiology of malefactors, from the raw pickpocket to the finished sharper. This hotch-potch volume had equal success with the others. Vidocq took it in hand again eight years afterwards, and appending to it a dictionary of Slang-French and French-Slang, made of it a work in two volumes, entitled *Les Voleurs—Thieves*—of which several editions were sold. This, doubtless, was the present sent to the limb of the law residing in the outskirts of the Strand. To explain the apparent popularity of such a book, it ought to be stated that Vidocq—an extensive money-lender—made every one whose bills he accepted or discounted, take five or six copies of *Les Voleurs*, at full price, as if they were ready money. Upon the list of his customers, figured almost all the inferior clerks and employés of the public offices. He thus turned them to a double account; he got usurious interest out of them, and he made use of them as spies. They dared not do otherwise than keep him well up to the mark with information.

To give a specimen of this performance: Immediately after the pickpockets, Vidocq places on the ascending scale of crime the *Cambrioleurs*, or ransackers of chambers and suites of rooms, into which they obtain admission by the aid of false keys or housebreaking. He divides them into three categories; the *Cambrioleurs à la fan*, simpletons, débutants, who insinuate themselves into a house without obtaining any infor-

\* Errors in orthography.

mation about its inhabitants; who go knocking from door to door, and as soon as they come to one where no answer is given, make use of their picklock. They run the risk of being surprised by the tenant, who may be indulging in a short repose, or who, busy in some back room, may come forward on hearing the noise which they cannot help making. In general, the *Cambrioleurs à la flan* earn very little money, and are soon arrested.

Formed in the school of prisons, they modify their mode of proceeding, and when they regain their liberty, they take the degree of *Caroubleurs*; that is, they no longer venture to attack a lodging without coming to an understanding with the servants, the porters, the floor-polishers, or the water-carriers, who not only acquaint them with the tenant's habits, but also supply them with impressions of all the locks, from which they make false keys.

The third variety, the most redoubtable of all, are the *Nourrisseurs* (nurses or feeders), for the most part liberated or escaped from the galleys. They are so called because they prepare an affair for several months, until the moment of putting it into execution with scarcely any risk be arrived. They know beforehand almost exactly what is to be found in an apartment, the day when the landlord has received his rents, or a retired official his six months' pension.

One of their strange peculiarities is, that when a renowned *cambrioleur* has adopted a style of cravat and waistcoat, all his colleagues imitate him in respect to those two articles of clothing. Flaring colours, red, yellow, and such-like, are those of which they are the fondest. In 1814, Vidocq arrested a gang of twenty-two thieves, and twenty of the number wore waistcoats of the same form, and made of the same stuff. They seemed to have been cut after the same pattern, and out of the same piece. In general, thieves are like women of bad character; there is always something which betrays their profession. They are very fond of a medley of colours; and with all the pains they take to ape respectable people, the most distinguished air they are able to assume is that of a working man in his Sunday's best. There are very few of them who have not their ears pierced. Rings and hair chains mounted in gold are almost indispensable articles of their dress. The chain is ostentatiously displayed outside the waistcoat; it is always a trophy of love, and is proudly paraded. Plush hats, with one half of the nap smooth and the other half brushed back the wrong way, are their great delight.

Thieves have habits to which they stick all the while they exercise their profession. Some time back, they all bought their shoes of a woman who was called Mother Rousselle, and who lived in the Rue de la Vannerie. At the same epoch, Grèves, in the Rue de la Verrerie, and Tormel, in the Rue Culture Sainte-Catherine, were the only tailors who enjoyed the privilege of clothing these gentlemen. Evil communications corrupted both the tailors; father and son at last

turned thieves, and were found guilty. The shoemakeress (at least so Vidocq thinks) resisted temptation better. But, however that may be, her reputation was so notorious, and her shoes of so remarkable a cut, that when an individual was arrested and brought before M. Limodin for examination, he was mercifully sent to Bicêtre, if unfortunately he wore shoes supplied from the warehouse of Mother Rousselle. The female thieves, for their part, patronised a certain Madame Mulot as their dress-maker. She only, in their opinion, could show off their figure to advantage, and make on the seams the raised ribs which it pleased their ladyships to call *nervures*.

Perhaps the most talented of Vidocq's compositions is the prospectus of his Information Office, which appeared in all the Paris journals during June, 1833.

# VIDOCQ.

OFFICE FOR INFORMATION IN THE INTEREST OF COMMERCE.

Rue Cloche-Perce, No. 12, on the Second Floor, Paris.

There is a want which has been long and acutely felt by commerce, namely, that of a special establishment, having for its object the procuring of information respecting pretended dealers, that is to say, respecting swindlers, who, by qualifying themselves as bankers, merchants, and commissioners, usurp the public confidence, and make daily dupes of *bonâ fide* commercial men.

Writers who have specially busied themselves with statistical researches in these matters, put down the *industrials* of this class at so high a figure as 20,000. I am willing to admit that there may be some exaggeration in the calculation; but I affirm that the most moderate estimate cannot be lower than 5000. Let us take that datum for our basis.

These five thousand individuals absorb from commerce an average amount of ten francs per day. This is fixing at the very lowest the daily expenses of these *gentlemen*, who habitually lead a merry life, and are ordinarily inclined to the most expensive passions.

Their united expenditure will therefore amount

Per day, to .....	50,000 francs
Per month, to.....	1,500,000 "
Per year, to.....	18,000,000 "

[Eighteen millions of francs make seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling.]

But it ought to be very carefully observed that, in order to obtain the eighteen millions of francs, these *industrials* swindle commerce out of a sum which is at least the double, often the triple of that; because they pay dear for what they buy, they sell at very reduced prices, and they pay to the go-betweens of their dirty affairs very considerable commissions.

We may, therefore, estimate at from thirty-six to forty millions of francs, as the very lowest figure, the sum which they annually slich away from real traders.

*It is in order to reduce perhaps to nothing, or at least to a very trifling sum, this immense annual loss of thirty-six or forty millions of francs, that I offer my services to commerce.*

An attempt which has been recently made seemed to have an object analogous to that which I propose. The journal *The Tocsin* was announced as intended to unveil the intrigues of these *industrials*, and to

furnish commerce with the required information. But, to say nothing of the defects peculiar to that enterprise, and which must necessarily cause it to miscarry, I am convinced that publicity is neither decent nor profitable in matters of this kind. The most useful idea remains sterile and fruitless as soon as it degenerates into scandal.

The establishment which I have the intention of founding will present none of these grave inconveniences, and its utilitarian object will recommend it, beforehand, to the favourable opinion of commerce, until it shall have acquired a recommendation in its services.

Under the title of *Bureau de Renseignements*, my establishment will furnish, *on the spot*, to the commercial gentlemen who honour it with their confidence, *positive information* respecting the persons who, without being known to them, ask for credit.

To cut short any false interpretation which might throw alarm into real commerce, I hasten to declare that such information will never be supplied with regard to dealers who are really in trade, whatever may be their solvability in other respects. The Information Office will meddle only with false or pretended commercial men, who make a business of buying without paying, that is, of *swindling*.

For a long time past I have been ripening the project which I now submit to the public. I am, perhaps, the only person who can undertake and properly fulfil the task which I propose to myself. The office which I have filled has given me an opportunity of becoming acquainted with swindlers and their tricks. Since I have quitted the public service, I have collected innumerable documents, which the multiplicity of my occupations did not then permit me to procure.

The whole personnel of these swindlers will be severely kept in note. I shall have at my disposal the list of all the individuals who, from twenty-five to fifty years back, have been accused, detained, or condemned for swindling.

Such is my project: I believe it to be eminently useful to my fellow-citizens, and it is with this idea that I undertake it.

The swindlers whose plots I wish to baffle will make personal attacks upon me, in order to injure my establishment. Their hatred will be my title to the confidence of honest men.

My conduct has been severely commented (on a *beau coup glorieux sur mon compte*): in general, those who talk about me are very ignorant of what I have done, and attribute to me things which I have not done.

In the difficult functions which I have fulfilled, I have never mixed myself up with the political police. I have delivered the capital of thieves who infested it; I now wish to deliver commerce from the swindlers who plunder it.

The compensation which I shall require from persons who give me their confidence is fixed at so extremely low a rate, that it will not be felt at all by the majority of commercial men. For twenty francs a year I engage to furnish information on all occasions to mercantile men who become subscribers to my agency. Those who do not think fit to enjoy this facility, will pay five francs for each inquiry or consultation.

We undertake all sorts of researches and explorations in the interest of families and of injured persons, and of all contentious affairs, whether in France or in foreign countries.

In this establishment will be found an office where, under the seal of secrecy, there will be given, only to

known persons, advice suitable for their escape from the snares of thieves and rogues of every class.

The bureaux will be open from ten in the morning till eight in the evening. Every demand should be made in writing, for the sake of expediting business.

None but prepaid letters and parcels are received.

The scheme took; he reckoned as many as eight thousand subscribers; and, as he said with pride on the occasion of his trial, in 1843, not one of them raised his voice to complain of his relations with him. In 1835, he published a sort of report of the principal operations of his agency, from the first of January to the first of March; and he proved that, in the space of those two months, he had helped eleven heads of mercantile houses to recover more than sixty thousand francs' worth of goods that had been hocus-pocussed out of their possession.

Besides the persons who occasionally rendered him paid or gratuitous services, Vidocq employed not less than twenty persons, in either sedentary or active occupations; some for correspondence, for matters in litigation, and for the drawing up of statements, others for explorations, investigations, for watching persons, and inquiries of all sorts. Unfortunately, these underlings, of either kind, were very far from being irreproachable in their antecedents, whilst the actual conduct of several of them gave them no chance of gaining the prize for good behaviour. It was the weak side of Vidocq's enterprise; he felt it so keenly that, as a general rule, one half of his troop employed the greater part of their time in watching the other half.

Besides these inferior gentry, he had a secretary whose task was to edit and keep an eye on the correctness of the literary department.

A young man, who had completed his term of military service, returning to the metropolis which claims to be the capital of the civilised world, with thirty sous in his pocket and hope in his bosom, read on the walls a bill advertise-ment to this effect:

"Wanted, Rue Neuve-Saint-Eustache, No. 10, at the Office of Commercial Information, an editing secretary" (*un secrétaire rédacteur*).

The adventurer hastened to solicit the vacant employment, and found himself in the presence of a thick-set man with blue eyes, wide open lips, and an abundance of grisly hair. He was breakfasting off a service of silver gilt, and kept tossing whole sausages to a bull-dog that lay at his feet.

"Monsieur," he said, staring at his visitor like a gendarme who is going to ask you to produce your passport, "do you write well from dictation?"

"I believe so," was the modest reply.

Then, offering a quire of paper, he pronounced the following sentences, to judge of the candidate's capabilities:

"The party is inclined to debauch; but, profligate and very astute, he sometimes makes use of a lead-headed cane and a false nose. Apply to him, first, the sack trick; then, successively, the barrel organ, and the chimney fire."



While the amanuensis was puzzling his brains over the mystic sense of this communication, the master, satisfied with the performance, neither asked for name, nor position in life, nor testimonial of morality, nor certificate of vaccination, but triumphantly installed him in his office.

"All you will have to do," he added, "is to put into passable French the reports that will be brought to you."

These reports, hurriedly written on the knee, upon scraps of paper of every shade and shape, put the secretary's imagination upon the rack. Here is one as a sample:

"Madame opened her window at nine in the morning; from half-past eight the party had been pacing backwards and forwards in the street like a sentinel.—We followed him without attracting notice.—Madame changed the rose-bush from her side window; then the party waved his handkerchief and went away.

"Madame went out at eleven o'clock—went into a linen shop; we looked at her through the embroidered muslins displayed in the window.—The shopwoman gave her a letter; she read it and returned it, probably to avoid compromising herself;—she left, and went in the direction of the Rue Saint-Honoré.

"She entered the Church of Saint-Roch; we followed her up to the spot where to-day, Holy Thursday, they washed the feet of the poor.—The party was waiting at the grand altar; they went out together, and took the hackney carriage No. 482.

"I lost sight of them.

"I ran as quick as possible to take my place close to the customs officers at the Barrière de l'Etoile. No. 482 passed an instant afterwards; I followed the carriage, holding on behind; it stopped at a house in Auteuil. The carriage went away; I waited till night to no purpose; I found out too late that the house had two entrances."

On the margin of the report, and in red ink, figured these words by the master: "Imbecile, not to try the portfolio trick."

This secretary only remained a fortnight.

It is therefore clear that Vidocq, in his latter days, had remedied some of the defects of his early want of education, so as to render himself independent of literary help from others; and it is probable that, at all times, he could dictate with clearness and ability. The letter in our correspondent's possession is fluently and not inelegantly written. The hand is unusually good for France; and it is nearly free from orthographical error, which is a still greater rarity in that country. Bad spelling stares you in the face from the most unsuspected quarters and in the most unexpected places. At Stork-street, Dieppe, the word *Cigogne* was, and may be still, spelt with an S. There is not much exaggeration in Paul de Kock's joke of the painter who, being paid by the letter, always spelled *Epicier*, grocer, with two p's, two c's, and a t at the end.

That Vidocq also eventually arrived at a certain degree of outward polish, follows from his first having penetrated the great world in disguise, and latterly being received by persons belonging to good society. The hard names

he applies to scoundrels no greater than himself, belong simply to the part he had undertaken to act. We should smile, if we did not feel disgusted, when he sets himself up as a lecturer on morality; for the kind which he practised in the exercise of his functions would not suit the taste of everybody. It is of no use his talking about his duties; very few people would like to do their duty by the employment of similar means. Even when we read his own proper narratives, we hardly ever feel interested for him, but for those whom we are inclined to call his victims. Some of these stories (that of Henriette, for instance) make the reader's cheek burn with indignation. He died, like a second-rate saint, with all the sacraments of the Romish Church. The Lord have mercy on his soul! But out of the ten thousand individuals whom he sent to the hulks during his eighteen years of office, it is probable that there were not two who were capable of such odious treachery.

#### TOM IN SPIRITS.

It was no extraordinary thing, some two hundred years ago, for the Evil Spirit to have direct and personal intercourse with mankind. All the witch trials turned on this, the corner-stone of demonology; and devils as goblin pages, familiars, changeling children, and demon lovers, were to be found wherever there was physical deformity or mental weakness. Indeed, anything unusual in mind or body was sure to be referred to demoniacal influence, and even a sudden change of fortune did not escape the universal charge. The Devil did everything. If a man got drunk and dreamed drunken dreams, the devil had carried him off bodily to such and such a place, and showed him in the flesh what his mind alone had fancied; if a man had fits, he was possessed; if a young maid were hysterical, she was bewitched; if an old woman were spiteful, cunning, ugly, or eccentric, she was a witch, and must suffer the doom of witchcraft; if a child were fanciful, lying, or mischievous, the whole country must be up and astir to discover its persecutor, and if none in human form could be decided on, then it was the devil himself who was in fault, and prayer and exorcism must drive him forth.

As for devils haunting houses, they were as common as rats and mice; which undesirable animals indeed often figured in people's imaginations as possessed of noofs and claws, tail, fiery eyes, and polished horns; according to the most reliable portraits given of those subterranean personages. There was the drummer demon of Fedworth, who plagued Mr. Mompesson and his family out of their senses; and there was the Demon of Woodstock—a royalist devil—who harried the Parliamentary Commissioners to within an inch of their lives, and never ceased until he had harried them clean out of the place; and there was the Devil of Glenluce—a controversial devil,

and the funniest fellow of them all—showing no end of boldness and broad humour, and eminently deserving the special embalming which he has received.

Now, this was the history of the Devil of Glenluce:

In 1654, one Gilbert Campbell was a weaver in Glenluce: his eldest son, Tom—the important character in the drama—was a student at Glasgow college; and there was a certain sturdy old beggar, Andrew Agnew by name, afterwards hanged at Dumfries for blasphemously saying, "There was no God but salt, meal, and water"—who every now and then came to Glenluce to ask alms. One day old Andrew came to the Campbells as usual, but got nothing; in consequence whereof—so you are required to believe—he sent a devil to haunt the house; for, it was soon after he was refused, that the stirrs began, and what could they be but from the Devil sent by old Andrew in revenge? Young Tom Campbell was the worst beset of all; the Demon perpetually whistling and rioting about him. Once, Jennet, the daughter, going to the well, heard a whistling behind her, like that produced by the small slender glass whistles of children, and a voice like the damsel's, saying, "I'll cast thee, Jennet, into the well! I'll cast thee, Jennet, into the well!" About the middle of November, when the days were dark and the nights long, things got very bad. The foul fiend threw stones in at the doors and windows and down the chimney head; cut the warp and threads of Campbell's loom; slit the family coats and bonnets, shoes and hose, into ribbons; pulled off the bed-clothes from the sleeping children, and left them cold and naked; opened chests and trunks, and strewed the contents over the floor; knocked everything about, and ill-treated the bairns; and, in fact, persecuted the whole family in a most merciless manner. The weaver sent his children away, thinking their lives but barely safe; and, in their absence had no assaults whatever—a thing to be especially noted. But on the wise minister's representing to him that he had done a grievous sin in so withdrawing them from God's punishment, they were brought back again, in contrition. Nothing ensued until Tom appeared. Unlucky Tom brought the Devil back with him, and there was no more peace to be had.

On the Sunday following Tom's return, the house was set on fire—the Devil's doing: but the neighbours put it out again before much damage had been done. Monday was spent in prayer; but on Tuesday the place was again set on fire, and again saved by the neighbours' help. The weaver, in much trouble, went to the minister, and besought him to take back that unlucky Tom, whom the Devil so cruelly persecuted: which request, after a while, he "condescended to," though assuring the weaver that he would find himself deceived if he thought that the Devil would quit with the boy. And, indeed, so it proved, for they were soon again sore troubled: the Demon cutting their clothes,

throwing peats down the chimney, pulling down turf and "feal" from the roof and walls, stealing their coats, pricking their poor bodies with pins, and raising such a clamour as there was no peace nor rest to be had.

The case was becoming serious. Glenluce objected to being made the head-quarters of the Demon; and the ministers convened a solemn humiliation; the upshot of which was, that Weaver Campbell was positively to take back his unlucky Tom, with the Devil or without him. For this was the point at issue in the beginning, the motive of which is not very hard to be discovered. Whereupon Tom returned; but, as he crossed the threshold, he heard a voice "forbidding him to enter that house, or any other place where his father's calling was exercised." Was Tom, the Glasgow student, afraid of being made a weaver, consent or none demanded? In spite of the warning voice he valiantly entered, and his persecutions, of course, began at once. They were tremendous—in fact, they were so tremendous that he was forced to return to the minister's house; but he evidently left behind him some imitator or disciple worthy of his teaching, for on Monday, the 19th of February, the Demon began to speak to the family, who, nothing afraid, answered quite cheerily, and the family and the Devil soon got so confidential and familiar that they had long talks together; but on what topics does not quite appear. The ministers, hearing of this, convened again, and met at Weaver Campbell's to see what they could do. As soon as they entered, Satan began: "Quum literatum is good Latin," quoth he. These were the first words of the Latin rudiments, as taught in the grammar school. Tom's classical knowledge was coming into play.

After a while he cries again: "A dog! a dog!" The minister, thinking he was alluded to, answered, "he thought it no ill to be reviled of him;" to which Satan replied civilly: "It was not you, eir, I spoke to. I meant the dog there," for there was a dog standing behind backs. They then went to prayer. Always at such times, Tom, or the Devil, remained reverently silent; his education being not carried out yet to the point of scoffing. Immediately after prayer was ended, a counterfeit voice asked, "Would ye know the witches of Glenluce? I will tell ye them," naming four or five persons of indifferent repute; one of whom was dead. The weaver said this, thinking to have caught him tripping, but the Demon answered promptly, "It is true she is dead long ago, but her spirit is living with us in the world."

The minister replied, saying ("though it was not convenient to speak to such an excommunicated intercommuned person"), "The Lord rebuke thee, Satan, and put thee to silence. We are not to receive information from thee, whatsoever fame any person goes under. Thou art seeking but to seduce this family, for Satan's kingdom is not divided against itself."

After this little sparring there was prayer again; so Tom did not take much by this move.

All this while, the young Glasgow collegian was very hardly holden, so there was more prayer on his special behalf again. The Devil then said, on their rising: "Give me a spade and a shovel, and depart from the house for seven days, and I will make a grave and lie down in it, and shall trouble you no more."

The Goodman (Campbell) answered: "Not so much as a straw shall be given thee, through God's assistance, even though that would do it. God shall remove thee in due time." Satan cried out, "I will not remove for you. I have my commission from Christ to tarry and vex this family." Says the minister, coming to the weaver's assistance, "A permission thou hast indeed; but God will stop it in due time." Says the Demon, respectfully, "I have, sir, a commission which, perhaps, will last longer than yours." Furthermore, the Demon said he had given Tom this commission to keep. Interrogated, that young gentleman replied, that "he had something put into his pocket, but it did not tarry."

They then began to search about for the Foul Fiend, and one gentleman said, "We think this voice speaks out of the children." The Foul Fiend, very angry at this, cried, "You lie! God shall judge you for your lying, and I and my father will come and fetch you to hell with warlock thieves," and so the Devil discharged (forbade) the gentleman to speak anything, saying: "Let him that hath a commission speak (meaning the minister), for he is the servant of God." The minister, accepting the challenge, had a little religious controversy with the Devil, who at last confessed simply, "I knew not these scriptures till my father taught me them." Nothing of all this disturbing the easy faith of his audience, they, through the minister whom alone he would obey, conjured him to tell them who he was, whereupon he said that he was an evil spirit come from the bottomless pit of hell, to vex this house, and that Satan was his father. And then there appeared a naked hand, and an arm from the elbow down, beating on the floor, till the house did shake again, and a loud and fearful crying, "Come up, father! come up, father! I will send my father among ye. See! there he is behind your backs!"

The minister said, "I saw, indeed, a hand and an arm, when the stroke was given and heard."

Said the Devil, "Saw ye that? It was not my hand, it was my father's. My hand is more black in the loop."

"Oh!" said Gilbert Campbell in an ecstasy, "that I might see thee as well as I hear thee."

"Would ye see me?" says the Foul Thief. "Put out the candle, and I shall come butt the house [to the outer room] among you like piebals: I shall let ye see me, indeed!"

Alexander Bailie, of Dunraget, said to the minister, "Let us go ben [to the inner room], and see if there be any hand to be seen." But the Demon exclaimed, "No! let him (the minister) come ben alone. He is a good honest man, his single word may be believed." He then abused Mr. Robert Hay, a very honest gentleman, very ill with his tongue, calling him witch and warlock; and a little after cried out, "A witch! a witch! There's a witch sitting upon the raist—take her away!" He meant there was a hen sitting on a rafter of the house. If the joke had a point then, it has got blunted now, and does not, to us, show wit or wisdom; unless indeed Master Tom meant it as a piece of profound satire, which is scarcely to be believed. They then again went to prayer, and, when ended, the Devil cried out, "If the good man's son's prayers at the college of Glasgow did not prevail with God, my father and I had wrought a mischief here ere now."

Alexander Bailie said, "Well, I see you acknowledge a God, and that prayer prevails with him, and therefore we must pray to God, and commit the event to him." To whom the Devil replied—having an evident spite against him: "Yea, sir, you speak of prayer, with your broad-lipped hat" (for the gentleman had lately gotten a hat in the fashion with broad lips); "I'll bring a pair of shears from my father's which shall clip the lips of it a little." And Alexander Bailie presently imagined that he heard and felt a pair of shears go clipping round his hat, which he lifted, to see if the Foul Thief had meddled with it.

Then the Fiend fell to prophesying. "Tom was to be a merchant, Rob a smith, John a minister, and Hugh a lawyer," all which came to pass. Turning to Jeanet, the Goodman's daughter, he cried, "Jennet Campbell, Jennet Campbell, wilt thou cast me thy belt?"

Quoth she, "What a widdy [a gallows] wouldst thou do with my belt?"

"I would fain," says he, "fasten my loose bones together."

A younger daughter was sitting "busking [decking] her young puppies, as young girls are used to do." He threatens to "ding out her harns;" that is, according to the commentator, brain her. Says she, quietly, "No, if God be to the fore;" and so falls to her work again. The goodwife, having brought out some bread, was breaking it, so that every one of the company should have a piece. Cries he, "Grissel Wyllie! Grissel Wyllie! give me a piece of that havre bread (for so they call their oat-cake). I have gotten nothing this day, but a bit from Marritt;" that is, as they speak in the country, Margaret. The minister said to them all, "Beware of that! for it is sacrificing to the Devil." Marritt was then called, and inquired of if she gave him any of her havre bread. "No," says she; "but when I was eating my due piece this morning, something came and clicked it out of my hands."

The evening had now come, and the company prepared to depart; the minister, and the mi-

nister's wife, Alexander Bailie, of Dunraget, and his broad-tipped hat, and the rest. But the Devil cried out, in a kind of agony, "Let not the minister go! I shall burn the house if he goes!" Weaver Campbell, desperately frightened, besought the minister to stay; to which he at last consented, not willing to see them come to mischief. As he turned back into the house, the Devil gave a great gaff of laughing, saying, "Now, sir, you have done my bidding!" which was unhandsome of Tom.

"Not thine; but, in obedience to God, have I returned to bear this man company whom thou dost afflict," says the minister, nowise discomposed.

Then the minister discharged all from speaking to the Demon, saying that when it spoke they must only kneel and pray to God. This did not suit the Devil at all. He roared mightily, and cried, "What! will ye not speak to me? I shall strike the bairns and do all manner of mischief!" No answer was returned: and then the little children were slapped and beaten on their bare persons—where little children are used to be beaten. After a while this ended too, and then he called out to the goodwife, "Grissel, put out the candle!"

"Shall I do it?" says she to the minister's wife.

"No; for then shall you obey the Devil," answered that discreet person.

Upon this the Demon shouted with a louder voice, "Put out the candle!" The candle went on burning. For the third time, "Put out the candle, I say!" Grissel, not caring to continue the uproar, put it out. "And now," says he, "I'll trouble you no more this night."

Once again, the ministers and gentlemen met for prayer and exorcism, when it is to be presumed that Tom was not with them, for everything was quiet; but soon after, the stirrs began again, and Tom and the rest were sore molested. Gilbert Campbell made an appeal to the Synod of Presbyters; a committee of which appointed a special day of humiliation in February, 1656, for the freeing of the weaver's house from this affliction; in consequence whereof, from April to August the Devil was perfectly quiet, and the family lived together in peace. But, after this time, the mischief broke out afresh. Perhaps Tom had come home from college, or his father had renewed his talk of binding him to his own trade; whatever the cause, the effect was certain—the Devil had come back to Glenluce.

One day, as the goodwife was standing by the fire, making the porridge for the children, the Demon came and snatched the plate on which was the oatmeal, out of her hand, and spilt all the meal.

"Let me have the tin-plate again," said

Grissel Wyllie very humbly; and it came flying back to her. "It is like if she had sought the meal too, she might have got it, such is his civility when he is entreated," says the commentator.

Things after this, went very ill. The children were daily thrashed with heavy staves, and every one in the family underwent much personal damage; until, as a climax, on the eighteenth of September, the Demon said he would burn the house down, and did in very truth set it on fire. But it was put out again, before much mischief was done.

After a time—probably by Tom's going away, or getting afraid of being found out—the Devil was quieted and laid for ever. "This weaver must have been a very odd man that endured so long these marvellous disturbances," says Mr. George Sinclair, from whose Satan's Invisible World Discovered, printed in 1685, I have taken, often verbatim, this strange and most veracious history. It is a singular instance of how much people will believe without examination, and of how far a little boldness, manual dexterity, and unscrupulosity, will impose even on fairly discerning and well-educated men. It is to be remembered, however, that the indiscreet expression of a doubt then, would have subjected the most respectable gentleman in the place—Alexander Bailie, of Dunraget, himself—to the charge of Sadduceeism and atheism; and, if persisted in, might have lighted a fire in Glenluce which only blood would have quenched. For, if the laws were severe against witches and witchcraft, they were no milder towards those who doubted inopportunely; the Black Art was damnable, but unbelief in it was more damnable. Accordingly, Tom played off his demoniacal pranks with very little fear of detection; for who amongst that godly company would have dared to say, "This is no fiend, but a human being; no possession, but simply a boy's froward trick?" The minister himself dared not have said so; and Tom knew full well the illimitable extent of superstition by which he was supported. The Devil of Glenluce was neither more nor less than a fast young lad from college, with a horror of his father's trade, and a quantity of time and energy unemployed on his hands, which he thought he could not do better than use for his own amusement.

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